

LADIES

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When Our Ships
Come In. By
Anabel C. Andrews.

When our Ships come in from The ocean Wide
With broad Sails whitely gleaming;
When their Anchors drop on the Harbor Sands,
They come at Last to Our waiting Hands,
With all their Riches Teeming:

Will the riches they bring us Recompense
For all this weary Waiting?
Shall we miss As we sort our treasures Gay
The youthful days Which are vanished away,
The heart's first quick Pulsating?

Will the choicest Fruit of an Eastern loom
With a day in June compare?
Can glittering jewels whose Shining Shell
The rainbows Fires have prisoned well,
Compete with a Sunset rare?

Shall we sorrow With tears like bitter Rain
For joys gone By Untasted;
While we were Gazing away to Sea,
For a day perchance that will never Be
And youth and life were Wasted!



M. E. W. 1882

the beauty of plants, but of their origin, uses, and what they do for us as teachers in the great school of Nature.

THE PALM FAMILY.

The family of palms form one of the most magnificent in the vegetable kingdom. Intermediate in their structure between herbaceous plants and trees, they possess the towering height and majesty of the grandest trees, combined with an elegance of form and beauty of proportion that associates them with the delicate and graceful fern. They are all natives of tropical and sub-tropical regions, and bring to us associations of bright and sunny skies, and a temperature in which their leafy shade and the cooling products which they yield must be peculiarly grateful and appropriate. Linnaeus called them the Princes of the Vegetable Kingdom, a designation which they well deserve, when we consider their immense value to mankind, as affording food and raiment, and in fact everything necessary to the sustenance of human life. It has been asserted by such distinguished writers as Humboldt, Von Martius, and others no less eminent, that the products of this family of plants sustain a greater number of the human family than the cereals of the world.

This family is composed of more than one thousand species, embracing the greatest variety of form, size and shape. Some of the species have a diameter of trunk measuring nearly four feet, and reaching the enormous height of one hundred and eighty feet, always perfectly straight, and but very rarely, if ever, branching. Other species, like the rattan (*Calamus Rudentum*), have a diameter of about three-fourths of an inch, and grow to more than one thousand feet in length, reaching to the tops of the tallest trees, then dropping to the ground, again ascending, thus festooning whole forests in which it grows. The products of this family are as varied as their forms, and constitute many important articles of commerce. To the palms we are indebted for sago, oil, wax, matting, brushes, cocoa-nuts, vegetable ivory. They also yield wine, flour, sugar, salt; while their leaves and trunks are made into almost every design known in the mechanic arts.

One of the most important of the species is the cocoa-nut tree (*Cocos Nucifera*), an inhabitant of the entire torrid zone, and found in the greatest abundance in the neighborhood of the seas. It rises to the height of one hundred feet, and is surmounted by a crest of pinnated leaves about twelve feet long, resembling a bunch of feathers. The fruit is too well known to need description. A fixed oil is obtained from the tree, and every part of the tree, in short, is useful to man, either to clothe, feed or shelter him.

We borrow from "Bonifas-Guizot's Botany for Youth" the following passage. Although allegorical, it shows the varied advantages the inhabitants of tropical countries draw from the cocoa-nut tree and its products: "Imagine a traveler passing through one of these countries situated under a burning sky, where coolness and shade are so rare, and where habitations, in which to take the repose so necessary to the traveler, are only to be found at considerable distances. Panting and dispirited, he at length perceives a hut surrounded by some trees with straight, erect stems, surmounted by an immense tuft of

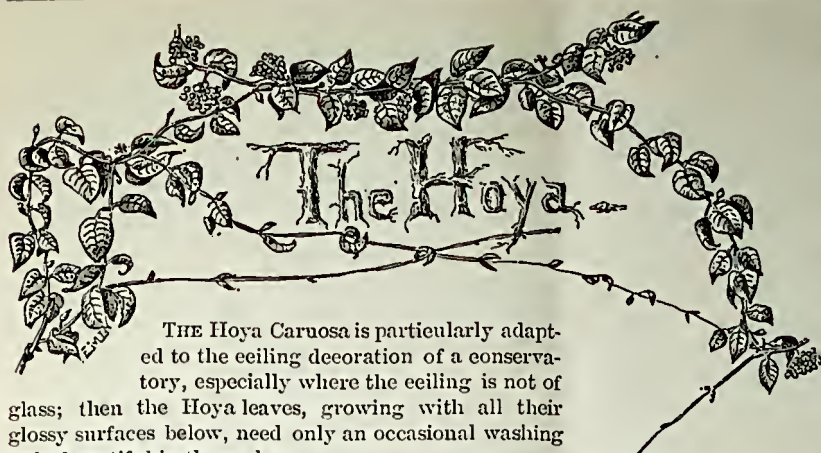
great leaves, some being upright and the others pendant, giving an elegant and agreeable aspect to the scene. Nothing else near the cabin indicates cultivated land.

At this sight the spirits of the traveler revive; he collects his strength, and is soon beneath the hospitable roof. His host offers him a sourish drink, with which he slakes his thirst: it refreshes him. When he has taken some repose, the Indian invites him to share his repast. He serves up various meats, contained in a brown-looking vessel, smooth and glossy; he serves also some wine of an extremely agreeable flavor. Towards the end of the repast his host offers him certain succulent comforts, and he is made to taste some excellent spirits. The astonished traveler asks who in this desert country furnishes him with all these things. "My cocoa-nut tree" is the reply. "The water I presented you with on your arrival is drawn from the fruit before it is ripe, and some of the nuts that contain it weigh three or four pounds. This almond, so delicate in its flavor, is the fruit when ripe. This milk which you find so agreeable is drawn from the nut; this cabbage, whose flavor is so delicate, is the top of the cocoa-nut tree, but we rarely regale ourselves with this delicacy, for the tree from which the cabbage is cut dies soon after. This wine, with which you are so satisfied, is still furnished by the cocoa-nut tree. In order to obtain it an incision is made into the *spathe* of the flowers. It flows from it in a white liquor, which is gathered in proper vessels, and we call it palm-wine; exposed to the sun, it gets sour and turns to *viuegar*. By distillation we obtain this very good brandy which you have tasted. The sap has supplied the sugar with which these preserves are sweetened. These vessels and utensils have been made out of the shell of the nut. Nor is this all; this habitation itself I owe entirely to these invaluable trees; with their wood my cabin is constructed; their leaves, dried and plaited, form the roof; made into an umbrella, they shelter me from the sun in my walks; the clothes that cover me are made from the filaments of their leaves. These mats, which serve so many useful purposes, proceed from them also. The sifter which you behold was found made to my hand in that part of the tree whence the leaves issue; with these same leaves woven together we can make sails for ships; the species of fibre that envelop the nut is much preferable to tow for caulking ships; it does not rot in the water, and it swells in imbibing it; it makes excellent strug, and all sorts of cable and cordage. Finally, the delicate oil that has seasoned many of our meats, and that which burns in my lamp, is expressed from the fresh kernel."

The stranger would listen with astonishment to the poor Indian, who, having only his cocoa-nut tree, had nearly everything that was necessary for his existence. When the traveler was disposed to take his departure, his host again addressed him: "I am about to write to a friend I have in the city. May I ask you to charge yourself with the communication?" "Yes; but will your cocoa-nut tree still supply you with what you want?" "Certainly," said the Indian; "with the sawdust from severing the leaves I made this ink, and with the leaves this parchment. In former times it was used to record all public and memorable acts."

"COUNT that day lost, whose low descending sun
Sees from thy hand no worthy action done."

"MOUNT upward! Heaven is won by prayer.
Be sober, for you are not there.—*Keble*."



THE *Hoya Carnosa* is particularly adapted to the ceiling decoration of a conservatory, especially where the ceiling is not of glass; then the *Hoya* leaves, growing with all their glossy surfaces below, need only an occasional washing to be beautiful in themselves.

The upper six feet of space in our little conservatory is given up to *Hoys*, and there, at their own will or with little guidance, they run across back and forth, on strings between hooks in the ceiling, or festooned at different heights below, every branch and every end filled with their exquisite heads of bloom in every stage of development. We began by training them high, but have let the vines hang lower year by year as the new shoots came, that the lovely flowers might be within reach. Now, as the long bare arms stretch out ready to be clothed upon at their after leisure, we merely throw the new ends over some low festoon to keep them out of the way of our heads in passing. They are so beautiful it is pleasant to touch them; to examine the various umbels, and guess how many successions of bloom each has already afforded, and how many more are still to come. Some of the older umbels, higher up, have a flower stalk two inches in length, and are still putting forth fresh blossoms thrice in a season, while those from the lowest and newest branches have their flower stalks just begun; some of them are scarcely an eighth of an inch below their inch or half-inch of flower stem.

It is impossible to count the flowers in their differently advanced stages. Those nearly or quite out are plainly to be seen among the green leaves. This large cluster, hanging low, within reach, measures four inches across, and has each of its five waxen creamy-pink petals thrown wide open, showing the yellow stars with a drop of honey hanging from their deep-red central points—thirty little half-inch bits of loveliness as exquisite as can be found in the floral kingdom. Still, if the unfolded flowers were not so lovely, we would think these little closely-shut, creamy hexagons with smooth, satiny faces, waiting to grow yet a little larger, pretty enough, and even the clumps of hanging red balls, the buds—promises of so much loveliness—are not without interest. No! I cannot count the blossoms, nor could I if it was an easier thing to find them all. Each little head is so perfect, and so pretty in its own way, I forget to go on, and become absorbed in the contemplation of their beauties.

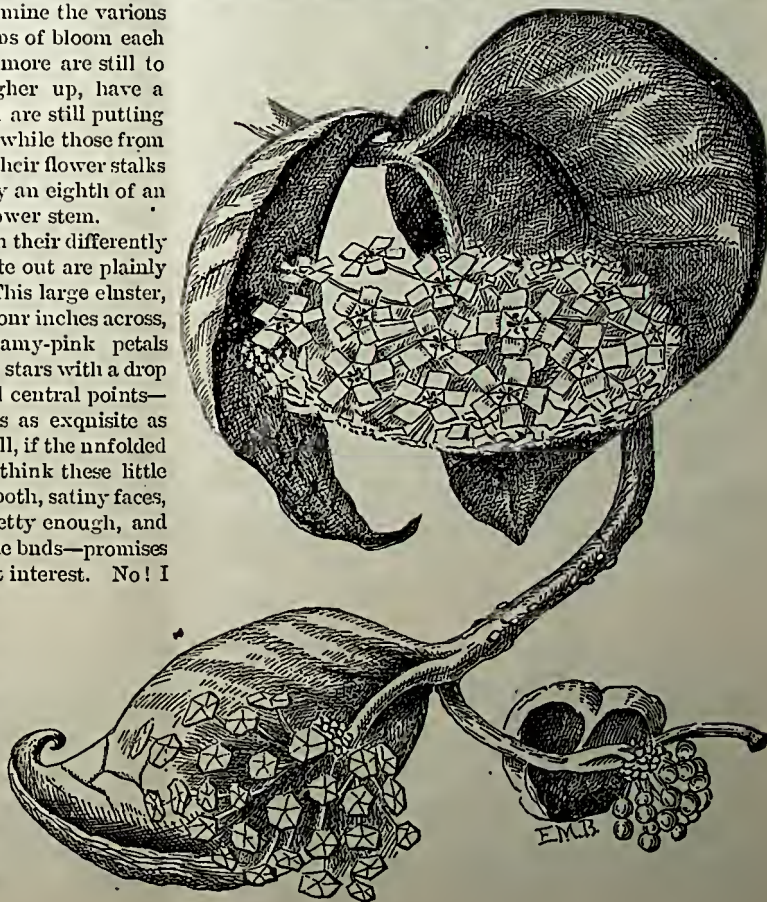
Hoya vines stray where they will, hang gracefully by their own weight, and the elegance and picturesqueness of their hanging arches of beautiful leaves, exquisite buds, and blossoms, on strong substantial stems, cannot be

excelled, if equaled, by any other conservatory climber.

The *Hoya* does not require much water. Water, as with any other plant, thoroughly when at all. It is astonishing how long it takes it to dry out during the winter months, when it is not rapidly sending out its long arms, or its flower buds. I have frequently found the earth moist to the touch a week after any water was given, and it will get quite dry before any more is needed.

There is one peculiarity about its feeding. The surface of the soil is covered with little sur-

face roots, that appear to consume the very earth itself, for every few weeks I find the earth low in each *Hoya* pot, and scatter a half-pint or more of old-woods earth over the bare roots. The pots stand on smooth iron brackets, no earth is ever wasted at the bottom of the pots. I cannot say positively that the earth is disintegrated, and consumed, but it looks quite like it, and the top-dressing is just what seems needed. I have sometimes used Peruvian Guano, a tea-spoonful to a gallon watering-pot of warm water, as we use it for some other plants, once a week, and sometimes, between times, have used aqua-ammonia in the same proportion; but they grow well enough without it, and it is easy to



destroy a plant by using too much of either stimulant, or either too frequently, or on a plant that is not growing rapidly enough to require it.

The soil should be mellow loam, sand, and fibry woods-earth from old woods, which can often be purchased as peat. Whenever we go out to ride, we take along a trowel in the wooden box which serves as a seat for the little-sweet-girl, and it comes home a box filled with the choicest of woods-earth, for the house, as well as ferns or plants for the wild-flower bed in the yard, and the search for the richest and best is not the least part of the pleasure of the ride.

The Hoya does not need re-potting often. After it is once established in a good-sized pot, let it remain there, with merely the occasional top dressing of leaf mold, indefinitely. Our plants, one of them a cutting five years ago, and the other eight, or ten, have remained undisturbed since their second year's growth. The pots were large for them in that stage of their existence, but I was in haste to have them become established in permanent quarters.

The Hoya grows readily from cuttings. Keep wet cotton bound around the stem over a cluster of rootlets that are scattered along its surface, and, as soon as they start, cut off the stem and pot it; or, the slip will grow readily in wet sand, or in water—a bottle standing or hung in the sun-shine; or it will grow planted directly in the soil in which it is to stand the first year. It ought to grow stocky the first year, with as many growing points as possible. Then the long ends will start out in search for strings on which to run, when it may be re-potted in a larger pot, and placed where it is to stand, and strings furnished it to run on.

The Hoya flowers are all beautiful. The two we have over the ceiling have a prettier leaf than the plain Hoya Carnosa. It is larger, thinner on the edges, elliptical, but more pointed, and its darker glossy green surface is slightly blotched with silvery grey, and the veins are distinctly delineated. It is a Hoya Carnosa, of which there are many distinct varieties. If there is an Hoya Carnosa Maculata, it is probably that.

Our Hoya Carnosa Variegata has light green leaves widely margined with gold, or in the young leaves, a bright rose color, while some of the leaves are all yellow, and some all red. So far, while it is making good heavy growth with several growing ends, it has not started to run, although two years old. I like to have it get well stocked with leaves, and become bushy, that it may have the greater number of arms when it starts.

The Hoya Paxtonii has a very handsome plain apple-green leaf, quite distinct from the others, inclined to be obovate in shape, and curled up at the sides, rather than thrown back, as is the habit of the Hoyas over our ceil-

ing. It runs readily, and grows rapidly, and has the same lovely clusters of bloom, differing only in their greater depth of color. This young Hoya Paxtonii is starting to run and must be re-potted to-day, and placed permanently with strings to run up on. The longest runner has grown a foot since yesterday.

There are other varieties with still deeper tints, and some bordering on brown, but less beautiful than the creamy white ones, and only desirable where one likes to gather a collection of Hoyas.

Hoya Bella is a beautiful miniature plant, with leaves scarcely an inch in length on the average, but similar in habit of growth, on a small scale. It is a very free bloomer. We have a small plant of it, possibly two feet in height, that has now fifty heads of bloom on it, and many more to come. Every end is loaded down with its lovely snow white buds, and royally beautiful blossoms—suggestive somehow of purple and fine linen. It is a charming little gem for a hot spot of sun-shine.

Until a Hoya becomes an old, well-established plant, it is wise not to depend upon it for cut flowers. Keep it as a decorative plant, as it seems almost a pity to cut off the blooming heads while there are yet but few of them, as each head goes on blooming anew two or three times a year, provided always they have sufficient sun-shine and heat to do that, year after year, as long as the plant lives. When it is older, and the umbels become so numerous that each one is not individually considered an especially beloved friend, then one's heart grows callous toward the multitude of blossoms, and does not ache when lopping off a head or two on special occasions. If they are not popular as cut flowers with their owners, they make exceedingly handsome screens. We have had them growing on brackets above the dado at each side of a bay-window, where, guided at first by strings, they soon filled the whole space of the arch, except room to enter in the center; and with most of the leaves and flowers turned towards the windows, the space between was as pretty a place to read or write as one could wish to have.

I have seen them, too, growing in a window—the one east window perhaps of the room—running hither and thither back and forth, the whole a mass of leaves and flowers that zigzagged over the ceiling, and walls, and floor in the wierdest dance of shadows—off through open doors into other rooms—the whole place speaking, sparkling, ablaze with the glory of the risen sun.

The first Hoya I ever saw grew from a large pot on a stand back of an old-fashioned wood-consuming register stove, and equally near a window, which it almost hid from view. I thought then the Hoya flowers were the loveliest things that grow, and I think so still.

EVA M. BARKER.

NOT LOST.

FRET not because the promise of the buds
The fruit doth not fulfill;
Was not the hope and fragrance which they brought
To us a blessing still?

Nor count as lost the seeds we sow in faith
Upon a barren land,
And reap not. Doth not God the purpose know,
And bless the sower's hand?

Spurn not the vow the eager spirit makes
That weak flesh cannot keep;
The ocean bubbles break, but underneath
There flows a current deep.

The buds that blossom not, the withered seed,
The vows we leave undone,
Are gems we drop; yet angels mark their fall;
And raise them to the crown.

FLOWER GARDENING FOR SEPTEMBER.

"If we could open and unbend our eye,
We all, like Moses, should espy
E'en in a bush the radiant Deity."

In all God's works we can trace the impress of His divine hand, and surely in our glorious flowers He grants to us a glimpse of the wonders of that city beyond the sun, whose light was never seen on sea or land!

And again, joyfully do we welcome the first and fairest of the autumnal months, when one can hardly recognize the departure of the Summer, excepting by the early fading away of the twilight.

But with the closing of the Summer comes the work of preparation for another year, and there is still plenty of occupation in the garden in the saving of seed—now daily ripening—and in planting those of perennials and annuals as soon as ripened, to provide early plants for another season.

All seeds of biennials should also now be planted, such as Campanulas (Canterbury Bells), Achilles, etc. And the plants which were raised from seed in the spring, for early spring flowering next year, should now be transplanted into the beds where they will remain. Select a cloudy, damp day for the work, when the moist earth will cling to their roots, and take them up carefully with spade or trowel according to their size. And water them well, at the bottom of their roots, so that they will experience no injury by drouth, and they will soon become accustomed to new quarters, and be well rooted before the ground freezes.

Perennials of all kinds can be now divided to their advantage, and the plants can either be taken up entirely and divided with a sharp knife, or the earth can be partly dug away and a part of the crown and the fibrous roots cut off so as to produce a new plant.

In many varieties of herbaceous perennials the crown or eyes are the only parts that are capable of division; and in many plants they can be separated by the hand, by breaking or pulling them apart with a good portion of fibrous roots attached to each piece.

Pæonies, Day or Plaintain-lily, etc., however, cannot be divided in this manner, but must be carefully cut asunder without breaking or bruising the roots. The Autumn is not as good a season as the Spring to separate these.

The chief point to be attended to in increasing plants by division, is to see that sufficient roots are attached to each crown or eye to give it support—i. e., to make it grow well before the cold weather freezes the ground.

Now the Hybrid Perpetual Roses will come into second bloom if they have been planted in rich compost, or given weak doses of liquid manure, or two table-spoonsful of soluble guano, or some kinds of phosphates have been dug about their roots to stimulate their growth. The handsomest buds of the Tea, Monthly and Noisette roses are always borne on fresh stalks from the roots: so root growth must be carefully encouraged. And all the old woody stems should be cut back so as to throw the strength of the roots into second growth of stems, leaves, and buds.

September is also the best season to plant hardy annuals for early Spring flowers; but if the month is hot and dry, it will be well to defer sowing the seeds until towards the last of it, when the dews are heavy and the nights cooler. The seeds should be planted where they will flower in the Spring, and the ground should be free from weeds, and dug up with a fork, and raked smoothly. The smallest seeds need only the slight pressure of the hand into the soil, the largest but quarter of an inch of earth. Then strike the ground down closely over them with the back of your trowel and they will sprout more rapidly.

It is also a good plan to provide some protection from the heat of the noon-day sun, by driving two or three small pegs of wood close by the seeds, and laying an old shingle or a clap-board over them. It will also prevent the heavy rains from washing them out of the ground. Take the boards off at night and water well, and replace them at noon-time till the second leaves appear. After the ground has frozen hard, a few dry leaves or boughs of hemlock laid over them will protect them from thawing and freezing alternately, which does far more harm to tender plants than steady cold weather. But if it is laid on too thickly it will keep the plants too moist, and cause them to decay. The seeds can be sown in the shrubbery and under rose bushes, and then they will need no other protection from sun and heavy rains than the shrubs afford, and will make a large supply of plants next season.

Take the seeds of all hardy annuals as they ripen and plant them at once, and you will save yourself much work another season.

All gardeners in the Spring have quantities of annuals that sow themselves, but they are rarely in the right place, and must be dug up or transplanted elsewhere before they bloom; but by this plan they are all ready to give you early flowers and also afford plenty of plants for your friends' gardens.

Among the most desirable annuals and perennials for autumn planting are Golden Alyssum and Sweet Alyssum—the former is a biennial with clusters of gold-colored flowers, the other is a great favorite with all gardeners, and always sows itself in the beds and walks of the garden.

Candytuft in all its colors—white, pink, purple, and crimson—is also a pet of mine, and no garden is complete without it.

Silene, or Catch-fly, in white, pink, and purple, is also desirable.

Clarkia has over a dozen varieties of delicate flowers in various shades of crimson, pink, mauve, and white.

Erysimum should always be cultivated in thick clumps on account of its deep orange-colored flowers, which produce a fine effect when grown *en masse*.

Delphinium, or Larkspurs, cannot be grown to perfection unless the seeds are sown in the autumn, as they have a tap root and will not bear transplanting any better than Mignonette. Their various shades of deep blue, porcelain blue, and white with crimson, purple, pink and white, make a beautiful bed of flowers for

lawn or garden. Pansies will also give a much more satisfactory show if they are sown in this month, and planted out in rows in beds or for borderings, and are protected by leaves from freezing and thawing in February and March. The propagation of all kinds of bedding-out plants should now be attended to if it were not done in August. Cuttings of geraniums, heliotropes, colons, begonias, fuchsias, etc., will root quickly and make fine plants for the window-garden. The cuttings should be broken off, and they can be planted under the larger plants if preferred, and the heat and shade will soon make them grow if they are kept sufficiently moist. In this way I strike cuttings every Autumn to

give to my friends, and in three or four weeks they are ready to pot, and will be in full flower by February, if not earlier. All plants for winter flowering should be taken up early in the season so as to become well established before they are brought into the house. Tea-roses which are desired for window-gardens must be cut back vigorously and potted in very rich soil, and not allowed to bloom in the Autumn. All plants that are required for Winter should be severely pruned, and the old wood thinned out and cut into a symmetrical form. Fuchsias are special pets of the window-garden. *Speciosa*, *Lustre*, *Carl Halt*, and *Excellent* are good for winter flowering.

DAISY EYEBRIGHT.

PLANTS FOR TABLE DECORATION.

In the selection of plants for the window-garden, such as are the most appropriate for table decoration should be chosen, and in these decorations at the present time, taste and fashion are in harmony. Immense bas-

kets, mounds, or huge piles of flowers put together without regard to taste, simply table monstrosities, have had to give way for the few graceful flowers, in a light delicate vase, or for what is still more beautiful and at-



COCOS WEDDELLIANA.



DAEMONOROPS PALEMBANGICUS.

traetive, some handsome plant, and for this purpose the more delicate and low-growing ferns, the *Adiantums*, in variety are much used, as are also many of the *Begonias*.

But there is nothing more chaste, elegant or appropriate for this purpose than the beautiful ferns, and if these could be had in their perfection at all seasons, we should need nothing more. Unfortunately, they rarely thrive in the window-garden sufficiently well to make them objects of beauty suitable for the dining-table. They have fortunately fitting rivals in many species of the palm, conspicuous among which is the *Cocos Weddelliana*. This handsome pinnated-leaved palm is fully appreciated wherever known, it matters not whether among a miscellaneous collection of plants, or as an article for table decoration, or for rooms and places of any kind where plants are permitted to enter, there it will

be always one of the most marked for its narrow and regularly disposed leaves, and for the graceful arching outline which each and all bear. This is comparatively a slow-growing plant, and for a very long time retains its ornamental character. It succeeds very well in the living room, requiring but little water, or other than the natural temperature of the room.

Another palm, equally meritorious, for the window, or for decorative purposes, is the *Daemonorops Palembangicus*, a species of easy culture, growing equally well in the living-room as the foregoing species. The young leaves of this palm are of a bright cinnamon brown, and the contrast between this warm color and the deep green of the matured leaves, render the plants exceedingly beautiful at the time they are in the course of development.

FLORAL NOTES FROM FLORIDA.

AUNT EFFIE has been painting a spray of Poinciana on a plaque. It is of colonized wood, and the flowers are so brilliant that the effect is lovely; they are of the most dazzling scarlet and the most vivid yellow combined. Aunt Effie complains that there are no colors in the box brilliant enough. The flowers have four petals, are delicately crimped like a piece of crape, and have a large number of very long stamens, colored a deep blood-red.

"I could not resist painting it," said Aunt Effie, "altho' I suppose it isn't properly a wild flower."

"We planted the seed for this," I reply, "but further south in the State, I understand it grows wild. How I would like to see an acre in full bloom."

"I must paint a companion piece now," says my friend, "and I very much want some of the wild yellow jessamine—it will make a lovely study."

"You are too late, my dear; the yellow jessamine blooms in the Spring. It is certainly beautiful, with its deep-yellow star-like blossoms, its waxy green leaves and exquisite odor, which makes you think of all things woodsy and wild. It is a rapid climber and soon makes a pleasant shade, and yet, as you see, I have none around the house. The flowers are said by many to be poisonous, so I have never planted any, fearing that my own little 'wild Jessamine,' my little human flower, might be injured."

"Is that really the baby's name?" questioned Aunt Effie. "You called her 'Jet,' and I did not know."

"Yes, I liked the idea that my two little girls should have the fanciful names of Ivy and Jessamine. When the baby was small, she used to cry a great deal at night, and we called her the 'night-blooming jessamine,' *cestrum nocturnum*, which reminds me that you must see that variety also. It has small, greenish-white flowers, with a pleasant fragrance, which expand in the night. Then we have several other cultivated varieties—the 'Cape Jessamine,' which looks much like a camellia, the 'Grand Duke' and others."

"But about that other plaque," I continued. "Why don't you make a study of crape myrtle; we have the pink and white varieties; they are now in full bloom, and the odd part of it is, that the crape myrtle blossoms are crimped just about as much as the Poincianas."

"I will try," sighed Aunt Effie, "but the crape myrtle is as difficult to paint as it is lovely to look at. Just see this blossom, for instance—the six-pointed, star-shaped calyx will be easy enough to copy, and the tiny, yellow-tipped stamens; but how dare I attempt the petals? There are six of them, each set on a long, slender, pink stem, so that they quiver with every breath, and their edges are ruffled and curled so wondrously, that no painting can do them justice. If the fairies ever want any rushing for their ball dresses, here it is, ready made. I will put off this attempt till a more convenient season, and meanwhile try something easier. Out there on the plowed ground I see something pretty and blue—after awhile, when the sun is not quite so hot, I will get me a spray to copy."

"After awhile," I laugh, "if you wait till after awhile, your 'something pretty and blue' will not be there.

Freddie, get auntie some 'angel's wings.'" Soon the boy brings back a handful of brilliant blue flowers, to which the natives have given that odd name, and I do not know any other. They have only two petals, shaped something like wings, nearly at right angles to each other, and of the most intense ultra-marine blue. They open in the early morning, and close about nine o'clock; so if Aunt Effie wants to copy them, she had best bestir herself.

In the cool of the afternoon we all put on our hats and saunter out after flowers, returning an hour later with hands filled; then, on the shady porch, we proceed to examine and talk over our treasures. Many of them I have no names for, but can describe in a general way. There are tiny flowers in all shades of lavender and purple, in yellow of many tints, and an immense variety of lovely, feathery green, nameless, perhaps, but of the greatest value in making up bouquets. Here is a pretty flower, whose only name, as far as we can tell, is the "Florida pink." It has five petals of the deepest rosy hue, with a yellow and maroon centre, and grows on slender, swaying stems.

Then here is the "butterfly flower," called so only, because the butterflies seem so fond of it and are always hovering around it. The flowers are small and borne in clusters; they have ten petals in a double row of five each—the outside ones reflexed so that they lie back against the stem, the inside row upright, and all of a very deep, rich orange color.

Aunt Effie has succeeded in finding a stalk of palmetto bloom, altho' it is rather past the season. The spike is about two feet long, and is covered with hundreds of little greenish-white flowers, which give out an exquisite bitter-sweet fragrance. "Palmetto honey" is held in as high esteem as is "white clover honey" farther north.

"This flower sticks to my fingers," suddenly exclaims Aunt Effie, and sure enough, she is snarled up in a mass of "fly-catcher."

The flowers are six-petaled and very showy, being creamy-white, tinged with pink; the outside of the flowers and of all the little buds is thickly covered with a substance like varnish, intended as a trap for insects, and in this case has met with unwonted success.

I go to the rescue of my friend, and together we examine our last specimen—a long, trailing spray of the sensitive plant. It grows close to the ground, is covered with little fine thorns, and the leaves shut tightly together at the slightest touch. The flowers are very minute and bloom in compact bunches, forming, when open, a round, feathery, downy ball, of a faint pink color, and having a delicate fragrance, that reminds one of sweet-briar.

"Supper, supper," call the children, in lively chorus, and with the "Florida appetite," we obey. LOUISE.

[If "Louise" would press some of those wild flowers, with root, leaf and branch, we could give her their correct names, even though they were not so beautiful as "angel's wings," &c., &c.—ED.]

Mignonette Golden Queen.

THIS variety, sent out last season as a novelty, has proved a valuable acquisition. It is of dwarf compact habit, a rapid grower, producing its large spikes of golden flowers in the greatest profusion. We are always cautious in regard to new varieties, and particularly so of Mignonette, of which there has been so many sent out, and each claiming so many points of excellence not possessed by others. Contrary to the usual custom, the originators of this variety have not claimed for it all that its merits entitle it. In addition to the beauty and fragrance for which this flower is justly celebrated, this has beside, a luxuriance of growth combined with a regular habit and form, that adds materially to its value as a bedding plant.

From some experiments made, we believe it far superior for forcing to any other variety. It comes into flower sooner, is not so straggling in its growth, and it is decidedly pleasing in color.

Dried Grasses, Ferns, &c.

A FEW dried grasses, ferns, wild vines, etc., gathered for winter bouquets, give an added pleasure, beside the beauty in themselves, in serving as mementoes of many a delightful summer jaunt. Ferns are best gathered in August, yet September is not too late to give very satisfactory results if care is taken in selecting them. Dry them between folds of any soft newspaper or blotting paper under pressure, the main object being to remove all moisture as soon as possible, and to do this rapidly the paper should be thick enough to absorb water freely, and must be changed as often as they become damp.

Many of the odd grasses are very pretty, and these are best tied together and hung by the stems in a shaded place until dried.

The running blackberry vines, which have begun to put on their autumn tints, make beautiful decorations. They are simply dried between papers under a pressure, being careful that each leaf shall keep its natural position. Thistle-blows are very delicate and pretty, as also are the milk-weed pods. An exchange gives the following directions for their preservation: "Gather the milk-weed when the pods begin to ripen, watching it carefully lest it burst and the seeds all fly away. Take each seed in your fingers and draw it lightly between your lips, moistening them a very little. Have a small splint or match clipped off quite fine, and the finest wire that you can procure, lay the moistened seed

against the match and wind the wire around it, letting the seed be at the top. Continue this until you have a ball sufficiently large, which will soon dry thoroughly and be the light, downy, fluffy, white fuzz that you so much admire. Cut off the match, or whatever stick you may have used, close up to the seeds and join a bit of coarse wire to it to act as stem."

How to Pack Plants when Traveling.

MANY of our readers in their summer sojournings by shore or mountain, will desire to carry home some floral relics of pleasant days, and by the following simple method they can be easily transported:

All that you will need is a piece of cotton cloth, colored or white as you prefer. Take up the plants so as to leave some soil about their roots, and if they are thoroughly wetted before removal, the earth will cling tightly to them and keep them from wilting. Tear off a strip of the cotton and wrap it closely around the earth and roots, leaving the branches exposed. Cover with half a dozen thicknesses of the cotton and pin it tightly in place, or sew the ends together. Put the roots and cotton into a dish of water over night. Next morning wrap up in dry cloth, and you can pack the plant in your trunk or in a basket where it will go safely without any injury to its roots, and if they are wrapped up in the cloth for a week or ten days the plants will come out fresh and fair. Sea-side and mountain ferns can be transported in this manner without any injury to them. Also all kinds of garden and house plants. When unpacked, place the roots, still in the cotton, into a little warm water, and give them a good bath for an hour or more, and then transplant them at nightfall, and shade for a few days from the hot sun, and keep well watered nightly. S.O.J.

THE CANDLE TREE.—The tallow tree, or, as it is sometimes, called the "candle tree," a native of China, which for a century or more has been used as a popular shade tree in the principal cities of the Southern States along the coast, is now creating some attention in California, as it is thought that tallow can be obtained from these trees cheaper than the illuminating oils at present used in lighthouses and elsewhere. In its native country the seeds and pods of the tree are bruised and then boiled, causing a kind of tallow to rise to the surface, which is much used in the manufacture of candles. The colored candles used in the decoration of our Christmas trees are said to be made from this wax.—*Scientific American*.

KATYDID.

I LOVE to hear thine earnest voice,
Wherever thou art hid,
Thou testy little dogmatist,
Thou pretty Katydid!
Thou mindest me of gentle folks,—
Old gentle folks are they,—
Thou say'st an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way.
Thou art a female Katydid!
I know it by the trill
That quivers through thy piercing notes,
So petulant and shrill.

I think there is a knot of you
Beneath the hollow tree—
A knot of spinster Katydids,—
Do Katydids drink tea?
O, tell me where did Katy live,
And what did Katy do?
And was she very fair and young,
And yet so wicked too?
Did Katy love a naughty man,
Or kiss more cheeks than one?
I warrant Katy did no more
Than many a Kate has done.

—[Holmes.]

Answers to Correspondents.

[NOTE.—We have so many enquiries as to the treatment of Hyacinths and other Dutch bulbs, we have concluded to answer them all under one head, which will give each correspondent much more information than we could by replying to each separately.]

Bulbs for Fall Planting.

A COMMON remark from nearly every one interested in floriculture, in Springtime, is, "I intended having a bed of Spring-flowering bulbs, but did not think of it in time." The same is said about everything else in the garden; when some one has a beautiful flower, some one else, in fact every one who sees it, is going to have the same next year. Next year comes, always on time, and finds those who were to have hyacinths and other flowering bulbs *this* Spring just as they were last, one day too late. To all such let us say, that if you want flowers next Spring, commence now, and with a determination that knows no defeat.

If you want good flowers, buy your bulbs and plant them this month; if you want poor flowers, await until next month; and if you want to spend your money and get no returns, wait two months longer and you will get just what you set out for.

For small gardens, whether in the city or country, there is no class of plants that succeed so well or yield so large a return for the labor and money expended as do bulbs, neither is there a class that produces so many or such exquisite flowers. Very nearly all of them are perfectly hardy and can remain several years without being disturbed, providing always, that the work has been properly done at the start. First among the Spring bulbs suited to any place, are

Crocuses and Snowdrops.

These are cheap and universal favorites that will grow in almost any kind of soil, and are not particular as to situation. For good effect, when only a small quantity is to be planted, it is best to plant them in separate colors, a clump each of blue, yellow, white and variegated. They are sometimes used in lines; but unless the lines are broad and rich, and very skillfully managed in relation to other details of planting, they look poor and weak. Although they will grow well in ordinary garden soil, they will amply repay good culture. Make the soil deep and rich, plant the bulbs at least three inches deep, and no further trouble will be required at their hands for the next five years. A very pleasing effect is produced by planting crocuses in small clumps, or singly on the lawn. With a small trowel, make a hole deep enough for the bulb, without disturbing the grass roots; planted in this manner, we have known them to do well for ten or more years; they are always in flower before the grass is sufficiently long to hide their flowers; cutting the grass in no way injures the crocuses. Snowdrops are best planted in some warm, partially-shaded border, where they can have complete possession, and in a few years they will entirely cover the earth with their flowers, the first in Spring.

The Hyacinth

is the choicest of the whole tribe of welcome Spring flowers; its exquisite beauty and delicate perfume make it the very emblem of cheerfulness and promise. Hyacinths are of the four principal colors, red, white, blue and yellow, and of all the various shades that the mixtures of those colors will produce. The yellows are

not in great variety; in fact there are but few that produce really fine spikes of bloom. Hyacinths should be planted six inches deep in soil made very rich by well rotted manure from the cow-stable; if planted in poor soil, they will flower well the first year, but ever after they will be worthless, as the bulb is exhausted, and in a poor soil it will not recuperate.

The general impression is, that the bulbs in this country deteriorate. This opinion is strengthened by the experience of nearly every grower; nevertheless, it is an error, as, with the same treatment, the bulbs can be preserved and increased in the same manner and as successfully as in Holland. The way to preserve their character is to feed them liberally. In Holland the ground is well trenched to a depth of two feet; at the bottom there is a stratum of well-rotted manure six inches deep; then 18 inches of soil, composed of leaf-mould, manure and sand in equal parts; in this soil the Hyacinths are grown. It is a question, whether in this country it will pay as well to take so much trouble, and go to such an enormous expense, when by buying good bulbs every two or three years, as good flowers can be obtained, and at much less expense. To grow Hyacinths well and profitably,

The Selection

of bulbs is an important consideration, and for effect, we do not, as dealers do, advise the buying of the highest priced bulbs, which are selected named varieties; 'tis true from such you will get some spikes of larger size, and for exhibition purposes, where fame and premiums are sought, the largest bulbs are preferable; but for the garden, or for pot-culture, mixed varieties are equally good. Select the colors wanted, and take the chances of success. It is not generally known, but with the Dutch growers, mixed bulbs are never heard of: every variety is grown separately, the dealers buy up the stocks at auction, select the largest and heaviest bulbs for special orders and for much higher prices; the balance being put together, under separate colors, are sold as mixtures, and will, in the garden, produce flowers nearly as good as those that cost double the money. On some accounts, they do better: the very largest bulbs, which are sold under name, are quite apt to break up or divide after flowering once, after which they produce but spikes with but five or six florets each; the second-sized bulbs will generally last two years, sometimes three, without dividing; it is better, however, to buy cheap bulbs annually, and throw them away after flowering, than to go to the expense of buying higher-priced bulbs, that with the greatest care will last no longer.

Pot Culture

of Hyacinths is an interesting branch of floriculture, and a very simple one. Pot the bulbs as early as possible in five pots in rich light earth, leaving the top of the bulb half an inch below the rim of the pot; give them a thorough watering; then plunge the pot in a cold frame, or under the shade of a wall or fence, cover with newly-fallen leaves to the depth of a foot, or with any other material that will keep them moist and cool; here they should be left until after the first of December, when they can be brought into the house and re-potted, using a pot about two sizes larger than the one in which they were started. They will by this time have made considerable growth, and can be brought forward as fast as desired. For perfection of bloom, they should be grown slowly, and kept moderately moist.

Hyacinths in Glasses

are an elegant and appropriate ornament to the drawing-room, and for this purpose occasion little trouble. The bulbs should be large and sound, and should be placed in the glasses as early in the season as possible; do not let the water cover more than the base of the bulb; keep them in the dark until their roots reach nearly or quite to the bottom of the glasses, after which the lightest position possible, avoiding the direct rays of the sun, should be given them. The water in which they grow should be changed two or three times a week; and in severe weather the plants must be removed from the window to be secure against frost.

The Tulip

needs no description at our hands, having long held a prominent position in the flower-gardens. The best soil for the culture of the Tulip is a rich, rather light loam. A bed of sufficient size for planting the bulbs should be dug at least twelve inches deep, and good drainage secured. The Tulip should then be planted six inches apart each way; pressed deep enough to keep them in their places, and covered with mould to the depth of three inches on the sides of the beds, and five inches in the center. This precaution is necessary, that water may not stand on the bed during winter. When the bed is planted and covered, it may be left to the weather until the Tulips come up, on or about the first of March. A slight protection of litter is then required, as the frost has a tendency to check the bloom. Our climate is so variable—cold at night and hot at mid-day—that it will well repay the cost to cover at night, and remove in the morning. Leaving them covered during the day

has a tendency to draw them up and otherwise weaken them. When the flowers appear, if they are protected from the sun by a light canvas, the period of bloom may be kept up three or four weeks. The colors are generally better if not shaded, at all, but in that case the bloom would soon be over. Sometimes a single day's hot sun will completely spoil them. When the flowers begin to fade they should be cut away, and removed from the bed; this precaution is vital to the bulb.

The Selection

of Tulips must depend altogether upon the taste of the grower. For our own grounds, we plant in about equal quantities mixtures of single early *Parrot*, and single late *Byblæmens*, *Roses*, and *Bezarres*, always avoiding the double varieties. Tulips can remain some years without disturbing, and after flowering, the beds can be raked off and annuals sown, or bedding plants put in, which will keep in flower the entire summer. Once in three years the bulbs had better be taken up soon after flowering, and stored in some dry, cool room until after the frost has killed the summer-flowering plants, the places of which the Tulips are to occupy.

Crown Imperials and Narcissus

require the same treatment as is to be given the Tulip; and they well repay all the care that is given them. The Narcissus makes a beautiful border plant, and does much better if not disturbed for many years after planting. It makes an excellent edging to a bed of Geraniums, Petunias, or in fact any plant that is grown in masses; as its leaves can be cut away soon after flowering, it does not mar the beauty of the summer-flowering plants.

LILIUM CANDIDUM.

WE have from time to time been asked more questions in regard to this lily, and listened to more complaints because of its failure to grow well and flower freely, than about all other lilies combined. Why? Because it is the most beautiful of the family, in the first place, consequently the most sought after; and lastly, because of the want of knowledge as to its habits, it rarely succeeds when planted. But a short time since, an esteemed friend asked us, in the most tearful manner, "how to make the old white lily (*Lilium Candidum*) of the garden grow," and that she had planted every Spring for the last five years, and as yet she had not been rewarded with a single flower. We said to her, as we now say to all our readers, if you want that lily, you must not plant it in the Spring. The proper time is now, while the bulb is at rest, and the longer you delay, the more likely will be your chances for failure. This lily should be planted in good, rich ground, from the middle of August to the middle of September. There is no lily less particular about soil or situation than this; wherever any common garden vegetable will grow, it will grow and succeed finely. A situation partially shaded from the mid-day sun, will secure a longer con-

tinuance of bloom, and the flowers will be larger and of greater substance.

The *Lilium Candidum* is nearly an evergreen bulb, and commences a growth early in September, and upon which in a great measure depends its flowering the coming season. If the situation is favorable, and the bulb is strong and healthy, when planted, it will, before the ground is hard frozen, make a vigorous growth, and its flowers the coming season will be proportionately numerous and strong. For this reason, if kept out of ground during the winter, as is usually the case for purpose of sale, the bulb exhausts itself in its efforts for reproduction, which it will always, under any and all circumstances, make. Whether in a suitable bed prepared for it or on the seedsman's shelf, it will make its growth, and if in the latter place, it will become so weakened from want of nourishment, that it will never recover. To get flowers next season, order your bulbs at once, and plant soon as received. About the first of December throw over the bed a few evergreen branches, or any brush that will collect the falling leaves that are drifted by the wind, which will make for the plants an excellent and much-needed mulching.

PEOPLE, like plants, grow pale and puny if the sun is shut out. Good health is the sunshine of the body; a cheery disposition is the sunshine of the soul.

The out-door sunshine gives us health, not only for

the pure air we breathe, but the sunlight itself contains certain elements which impart life and strength and health to the blood.

A HEART'S PROBLEM.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

CHAPTER XVI—CONCLUDED.

"MRS. O'Bryan!" Maurice exclaimed, when he opened his door and was suddenly confronted by his former landlady.

"Yes, Mr. Esmond—Calthorpe it is, I mean. It's myself, and I hope I see you well, sir. It's the sore trouble I am in, and dunno what to do."

"Come in: I scarcely knew you, it is such a long time since I saw you," he said, warmly, drawn to her by associations with that old time—how very old it seemed to be now!—in which he had been happier than he knew, and in dreaming of which the happiest part of his present was found.

"It's sorry I am to bother you, sir, but Teddy, poor boy, tould me to get him a decent lawyer, and it came to me, knowin' that you were in the law, that you might be able to tell me where to find one if one is to be found for the likes of us."

"Teddy sent you?" said Maurice, relieved and yet somewhat dissatisfied.

After the first pleasurable surprise at sight of his old friend, there occurred a suspicion that she might be the bearer of a message from Luey, for he knew that she was serving the proud beauty who had once been his simple sweetheart. It was a relief to know that his strength was not to be still further tested by a communication of any kind directly from her. And yet it might have afforded him some comfort to know that he had not been so utterly deceived in the character of Luey as the conduct of Miss Cuthbert forced him to believe. It might have been a consolation hereafter to know that in such a crisis in her life as the one now fast approaching, she had still the grace to give a kindly thought to the man she had confessed, even in her frenzy of indignation, that she had once loved.

No, it was better as it was; a kind word now would have filled his after life with vain regrets. He dismissed all thought of her, and concentrated his mind on Mrs. O'Bryan's affairs.

"Yes, sir, Teddy it was that sent me," went on the poor woman, with suppressed sobs in her voice, and the face which used to be aglow with good humor expressing much perturbation.

"Sit down and tell me what has happened that you require the aid of a lawyer. I see you are in mourning; does that mean you are a widow?"

"It does, sir. Dan went to glory—rest his soul—more than a year ago, an' ever since I've been with our darlin' at—"

"I understand. Tell me about your son. Mrs. O'Bryan was taken aback by the interruption, and the sudden coldness of his manner.

"Haven't you heard, sir, about the constable that was murdered the night before last?"

"You mean what is called the Fenian outrage, when the police were arresting two men in Clerkenwell?"

"That's it, an'—oh the black shame on them!—they've taken my poor boy and say he done it."

"Here she gave one big sob, and drew her hand across her mouth, as if to stifle other sounds of grief.

"This is a serious business, Mrs. O'Bryan," said Maurice, gravely; "and I hope your son will be able to clear himself of the charge. I hope he had no hand in the matter."

"No hand in the world, I'll go bail. The boy is as innocent as myself."

"I trust it may be so."

"Sure you don't misbelieve him, Mr. Esmond!" she cried anxiously.

"I would not like to say that, but I am not surprised at his being implicated in the affair: for you know, Mrs. O'Bryan, Teddy was proud of his patriotism and took no care to guard the expression of his opinions regarding the government of Ireland."

"Ohone, it's them opinions that's agin him. What was opinions invented for but to bring decent people into trouble!"

"How did he get into the serape?"

"He wasn't in it at all, sir. This is how it comes about. We went away from Camberwell when our darlin' was took from us, and sailed to America. Teddy soon got in among the patriots there, and was to be sent to Ireland for something or other. Then the ould man took a longing to see home again, an' we all came baek together. Then Dan was seized with fever after landin' in Cork, and went off before we knew he was sick, a'most. About the same time our darlin' wanted me, and Teddy was left to himself entirely."

"That was unfortunate."

"True for you, sir. He gave up workin', an' gave all his time to the Cause—a black day for him, poor boy. Then he got known to the poliee as one of the patriots; an' now, when this dirty job is done, one blackguard swears he seen Teddy on the spot with a revolver. When they took him they found a revolver in his lodgin', and that's all they have again him."

"But how can you know that is all?"

"The boy was miles beyond the place at the time."

"How can you be sure of that?"

"Because he was with myself, with us, the whole evenin', an' stayed in the house all night."

"If you can prove that clearly, your son is quite safe."

"Lord bless you, sir, for them words," cried the widow excitedly. "Prove it! sure there's proof without end. They mightn't believe me, but there's no judge in the land would refuse to believe her; and there's the butler and Missus Harper and half a dozen that seen him in the house when the fightin' was goin' on."

"You have not yet told me whose house he was in with you," said Maurice.

"Why, the master's, of course—Colonel Cuthbert's. He hadn't seen our darlin' since she was took away from Camberwell, and they were talkin' together for ever so long, before dinner and after. She'll tell you herself this minute, for she's in the carriage below waitin' for me, and as much troubled about the poor boy as myself."

Maurice started at the announcement that she was so near, but recovered on the instant and replied coldly—

"It is unnecessary for me to see Miss Cuthbert. I have listened to you, Mrs. O'Bryan, as your friend, not as your lawyer, and I am glad to be able to assure you that with such proof of his innocence as you can command, Teddy is in no danger, so far as the death of the constable is concerned. His connection with the patriots, however, may involve him in some difficulty. I shall give you the address of a solicitor who will, I have no doubt, soon obtain his release."

As he was sitting down to write the address there was a knock at the door, and he called carelessly, "Come in." When he raised his head he saw Miss Cuthbert within the room, and a footman just closing the door from without.

Their eyes met; his wavered for a second, the apparition was so unexpected; otherwise the gaze on both sides was clear and steady as that of people who meet for the first time. He rose and bowed.

"I must apologize for my intrusion, Mr. Calthorpe," she said, promptly. "My anxiety to learn your opinion of my friend's case is my excuse."

"It is ample," he said, in a calm, business-like tone, as he offered a chair.

"Thank you."

There was a little faintness in the tone.

"I trust that you are able to say from your experience that our friend's case is a good one."

"Unfortunately, my experience in such cases does not count for much; but I have just been telling Mrs. O'Bryan that, in my opinion, he is safe."

"I did not doubt it, but I am much relieved by hearing this from you. I wish to ask one question on my own account. Shall I be required to appear in court as a witness? I ask this because, although I am quite ready to do so if necessary, I am anxious to avoid it if possible, for family reasons."

"I am afraid it will be necessary. But that question will be best answered by the solicitor who undertakes the case; and it is advisable that you should see one immediately. This gentleman, I have no doubt, will do what he can for Mrs. O'Bryan's son."

He handed to the widow the piece of paper on which he had written the solicitor's address. The good woman expressed her gratitude with Hibernian warmth, promising to return soon to report progress.

"I can only thank you again, Mr. Calthorpe," said Miss Cuthbert calmly. They bowed; he opened the door with the same politeness which he would have shown to a perfect stranger, and she passed out.

The door closed; it was all over, so quietly, so politely; they had spoken to each other again, and there had not been one word more than the business in hand demanded. Their lives were indeed divided.

CHAPTER XVII—HIS WAY OF IT.

WELL—of all the cold-blooded pieces of cruelty he had ever heard or read of, this was the most atrocious! To come to him while the breath announcing her engagement was still warm in the air; to stand there and speak to him as calmly as if he were no more than a respectable man of business who was to be paid for his services!—it was the most deliberate and heartless insult that could be offered to any poor creature.

Good God!—what was she made of? Could she have any feeling at all? And did she think that he had none—that he was as cold and passionless as herself? Yet she could not be passionless either: he had good reason to know that. But then, her display of passion had been the pitiful outburst of offended vanity, not offended love. Without a doubt she had come there, moved by some vicious curiosity to look once more at the man she had thrown aside so contemptuously, and to prove to him that she was quite indifferent about the past. How calmly she spoke: how calm she looked—and how beautiful! . . . yes; be she what she might, in soul she was still beautiful, and those eyes were to him still full of a soft light which seemed to be the moon-reflection of a glorious sun within.

But it was unpardonable—her coming there at such a time: coming at the very hour when he was flattering himself that it was possible to accept the dull round of the humdrum existence she had left him. He had been vaguely sensible that he was falling into his dull groove and was beginning to have some glimpses of that peace of mind which is obtained in a state of sheer stupidity, and which was worth having, although there are in it no days of great hope and happy endeavor. She came and again arose that terrible mental Frankenstein, called "What-might-have-been!"

But he had been calm, too, throughout the interview; he had been business-like and polite: nothing more. He hoped he had been polite; he meant to be so—perfectly polite. He meant to show her every possible sign of respect, and only to hide from her how every nerve was thrilling with the wild craving merely to touch her hand. She had not seen that and she could not feel it. Yet the longing had been upon him all the time, and the effort to conceal it made it hard to bear. There she was, standing before him—Lucy. He heard her voice, and no matter what its tone, something modulated the sound into the sweet voice of Lucy.

It was useless striving with this thing which had not only taken possession of his being, but was his being. He hated to call it love: the meaning of the poor word had become so degraded by its application to any passing whim of a boy or the fancy of a girl—having as much bearing upon the actual business of their lives as

the temporary mania of the one for a bicycle and of the other for a new dress. This strange thing which held him, like Victor Hugo's devil-fish, was his life. He smiled at the droll simile; probably devil-fish was as good a name as could be found for this mysterious Something which gave pain as intense as its pleasure.

And so, she was to marry Sir Frederick Powell, of Woodstow: it was a good match. He was a sensible fellow, with no absurd views about anything; an easy-going mortal, good-natured and happy, because he was content to follow the plain beaten paths before him, and never had a thought of stepping aside to seek impossible flowers through impenetrable mazes. She would be happy with such a man—that was something. Maurice could fancy her in the first wedded years enjoying all the pleasures which wealth could obtain, and passing on to contented matronhood, quietly performing the round of simple duties which would fall to her lot. And through all this Powell would be by her side. Then he could see Lucy sharing the drudgery of a hardworking life with himself, the long path made thorny by petty cares and perhaps failure at the end. It was well she was spared that trial: there was no question, she had chosen the right course and he ought to be glad. Was that sharp twinge of pain only the sting of regret? He hoped it was not jealousy, for jealousy is only an open confession of how little one thinks of one's self.

He wished he could stop thinking about her. How ridiculous he would appear in the eyes of any sensible man for surrendering himself even for a day to this state of hopelessness! What, for instance, would Arkwood say?

"Say that he thought you had gone out and forgotten to fasten the door."

In his impatience with himself, Maurice had uttered the last question aloud, and Arkwood answered it in person.

"I don't think that would have been your answer if you knew what I was grumbling about."

"What might it have been?"

"That I was the most hopeless imbecile that had ever been born."

"The observation would have been a very stale one," rejoined Arkwood with a faint attempt to speak in a tone of good-natured banter; but he looked serious as he scanned his friend's face. "I think I know what is uppermost in your mind. Your father has been with me."

"Then do not repeat anything of what he has said. Some day, perhaps, I shall tell you my story; meanwhile help me to forget."

"Very good. Then come away to lunch!"

CHAPTER XVIII—HER WAY OF IT.

UNFORGIVING—pitiless—callous! She had not detected the faintest note of regret in his voice, and she felt sure that her quickened senses would have felt it had there been any in his heart. She had been treated as a perfect stranger; he had accepted her angry words literally, and he could never have cared for her or it would have been impossible for him to behave so coolly in her presence. Not the slightest sign in word or manner that he wished to be forgiven, or that he believed she had anything to forgive.

Proud and remorseless! She might have asked him to forgive her if he had only spoken one kind word. But no; he forgot, or never thought of all she had suffered, and remembered in his pride only her one blunder. She knew that she had blundered terribly in her passion, and he would not forgive her. For that one fault he cast everything else aside and shook himself free from her, as composedly as he might have put away an old garment. From whatever place she might have formerly held in his thoughts, he had completely thrust her out, and evidently it had cost him no trouble.

What a fool she had been! How he would triumph in her weakness! She had actually gone to his chambers, sought him out herself and asked his help! She had done this—she who had threatened to insult him if he ever dared to speak to her. He would not give a thought to the peculiar circumstances of the case which had induced her to seek his aid. If he were reminded

of them—that he had known Teddy and that Teddy's mother had been kind to him—he would have looked upon them as nothing more than excuses. Oh, what a fool she had been!

But she had not betrayed any weakness either. She, too, had behaved with perfect calmness; and he could not have seen in his indifference how eagerly she was watching for any sign of tenderness, or even of remembrance, which would have justified her in explaining her motives for going to him. She would take care that he should know. He should not think that—

But was she actuated by no other motive than the desire to obtain the best available counsel when she took Mrs. O'Bryan to Maurice's chambers? Was it only impatience to learn what fate was in store for her foster-brother which took her up to his room when, by waiting a few minutes longer in the carriage, she could have heard all without undergoing the ordeal of the interview?

She met the questions bravely, and miserable, mean as the answers made her feel, she did not evade them.

Yes, although she had tried to conceal it from herself, she was obliged to own that the longing to have direct news of himself—how he looked—what his place was like—had influenced her; and then, being at his door, as it were, the longing overcame pride and prudence and she had gone to him. There had been, too, the vague hope that he would break down the bar which separated them, and that she would have the opportunity to speak freely to him once again.

She was glad she had done it, for it satisfied her that he was well and quite settled in his resolution to think no more about her; quite contented to forget her.

And yet it was a pity to have gone; for the visit had destroyed some visions, which although vain had yet their value in occasional gleams of comfort. She would not have gone; she would not have remembered that he had anything to do with the law if it had not been for what Teddy had told her on the evening he (luckily for himself, as it now turned out) came to the house in Kensington. Maurice had written to her: Teddy had got the letter and burned it without knowing what was in it; then he pretended that Maurice had sent for his things and so sent them off to Calthorpe.

Had she misjudged any one else as she had misjudged Maurice, she would have at once offered an apology. Why was it she hesitated to make one to him? She did wish him to know that she was now aware of the wrong she had done him, and that she was sorry for it. She did wish him to know that she was convinced of his fidelity before the fact was revealed to her; and still she shrank from it.

She would hesitate no longer. She would tell him how cruelly they had both been made to suffer by Teddy's folly, and she would ask him to forgive her . . . would that be right? Would it not disturb him again for no good purpose, except to relieve her mind of a burden of remorse, since they could never resume their former relationship so long as their positions remained as they were at present? . . . And yet that could have made no difference if he had cared for her as he had declared he did. He had said that he lived for her. Aye, but it was at that moment she had turned upon him, telling him that he was false and base.

It was horrible. But why did he not tell her about that letter? Had he done so, she believed that in her wildest passion she would have been ready to forget everything in the joy that knowledge would have brought her. Now it only brought new pain and bitter regret that would never leave her. Would she have changed so quickly in that time of madness? Perhaps not; perhaps he saw that she would not, and so remained silent, thinking it useless to speak.

She would tell him at once, and he could speak now if he chose to do so. But he would not do so; he was too indifferent; he had shown that in his letter—written after he had had time for reflection; and he had shown it in his conduct during that brief interview. She would write, and her letter should be like his own—cold and decisive.

"My visit to you to-day may be misunderstood; I therefore wish to say that, when taking Mrs. O'Bryan

to your place, I had no intention of intruding upon you. But while waiting it occurred to me, as I told you, that by going up-stairs I might satisfy my impatience to hear what you might have to say about her son, and perhaps, at the same time, find an opportunity of telling you that I regret having been the cause of any pain to you. I did not find that opportunity, and am obliged to take this means of informing you. I further wish to say that I did not know until two nights ago that you had written a letter to Lucy Smith after you left Cambridge. That letter was destroyed unopened, and nothing was said to her about it until the time mentioned.

"MABEL CUTHBERT."

There: that would do. It was cold enough, at any rate. It showed him that she was aware of her mistake, and was sorry for it; but there was no weakness about it—no begging for pity. He would see that she too was resolute, and that since she knew him to be indifferent, she was satisfied.

There was the end of it all; and it was not so difficult to write to him as she had feared it would be. But it would have been much better if she had not seen him—much better if Teddy had kept the secret of his treachery, since his confession had only reopened the wounds which now could never be healed. And yet she was glad to be assured that Maurice had been true; glad of it even when she felt most keenly that he did not care for her. . . . Did she really believe that he did not care for her? If so, there was no need to be anxious to inform him of her discovery, for it was of no consequence whether he knew it or not.

Let him think what he liked—comfort himself if he could, by thinking that she was heartless as she had thought him. She had found no comfort in that way, but then she loved him. . . . Let this letter, like his to Lucy, disappear also, its contents unknown to any one save the writer. Cold as it was, perhaps his own had been still colder—probably it had contained only a conventional intimation that the room above the tailor's shop need no longer be reserved for him; and not, as she wished to believe, the glad tidings of his speedy return.

She lit a taper, and holding over the flame the note she had written, smiled sadly as she watched it change into black films.

She would not allow herself to worry; she would fill up every moment of her waking time with some occupation of amusement or duty. Should her father continue to wish to see her "settled in life," as he called it, she supposed that Sir Frederick Powell would make her as happy as she could hope to be. It was possible that there might be very pleasant times at Woodstow, and maybe her loss would make her the more staid and useful housewife.

CHAPTER XIX—THE SORROWS OF A POOR OLD MAN.

MR. CALTHORPE really could not stand it any longer. He had used all his diplomatic arts to bring about a natural reconciliation; circumstances had seconded his efforts in a remarkable manner; as for patience he had, in his own opinion, earned in this respect a much higher reputation than Job, and what was the result? Absolute failure. Contrary to all human experience and calculation of the due course of events, the result was absolute failure. Why was this? Simply and entirely on account of the stubborn, unreasoning, unpardonable—

Oh! he could find no adjective strong enough to characterize the idiocy of his son. The prize was still within Maurice's reach, and he would not seize it. A few months, perhaps a few weeks, and the last chance would be gone; for the prospective marriage of Miss Cuthbert to Sir Frederick Powell, although still talked about by the friends of both parties as a secret, was talked about as an event certain to take place at no distant date.

So far Colonel Cuthbert had made no decisive announcement, and Mr. Calthorpe was convinced that he would be well pleased if Maurice should yet be the man of her choice.

"I shall not express an opinion one way or another," he said. "I shall not even hint at a partiality. I like Powell and am quite ready to trust my daughter with him. The fact is, she does not wish to marry at all.

"That counts for little; there are few girls who do not make that assertion, especially to their fathers."

"That may be, but I believe she is one of the few who mean what they say."

"And the few who mean it are thinking of some one they cannot have. It is surprising, my dear Cuthbert, how self-sacrificing we can all be over sour grapes. Of course, Miss Cuthbert is an exception."

"She is thinking of Maurice," was Mr. Calthorpe's private reflection, and he found much consolation in it. He was elate with triumph when, a few days afterward, he heard this:

"Since the acquittal of that fellow Teddy O'Bryan, she has twice mentioned Maurice, and gives him the whole credit of having rescued that young fool from the hangman."

But Mr. Calthorpe's hopes were again dashed to the ground when he reported the interesting fact of her gratitude to his son. Maurice bluntly repudiated the idea that he had anything to do with Teddy's release; and instead of being pleased by the account of her gratitude, appeared to be decidedly the reverse. The father was too much astounded by this persistent obstinacy to speak at the moment. It was in his eyes such a wilful throwing overboard of fortune that even lunacy seemed scarcely to afford sufficient explanation for it.

"But why on earth should you not accept the credit for it, when it is given to you unasked?" was his exclamation when he recovered breath.

"Because I should not like to appear more ridiculous in her eyes than I do already," was the conclusive rejoinder.

Mr. Calthorpe almost lost his temper; and as no conversation in which temper plays a part ever ends satisfactorily for the person who introduces it, he discreetly postponed further discussion.

If occasion offered he might make another effort to bring Maurice to reason, but it should be the last.

The occasion did offer itself sooner than he could have anticipated, and after reading a note he had received by the first post one morning, he proceeded to his son's chambers. Arrived there, Mr. Calthorpe put down his hat and umbrella, then slowly took off his gloves, which he carefully smoothed and placed in the hat. He had the air of one who has some serious matter of business on his mind, a matter of so much import that it must be approached with all possible gravity.

Maurice was finishing a letter, and asked his father to excuse him for a moment, as he was desirous of dispatching it at once.

"Certainly; do not let me interfere with anything you are doing, because when you can speak to me I am anxious to have your undivided attention."

Mr. Calthorpe clasped his hands behind him, walked deliberately to the window, and looked out. Maurice closed his letter and gave it to a lad who was waiting.

"Now, sir, I am quite at your service," he said briskly, as he closed the door and resumed his seat.

The father turned his back to the window and faced his son. There was a brighter look upon the face than he had seen for a long time, and it contrasted singularly with the gravity of his own.

"Do you know what date this is?" he asked quietly.

"Wednesday, fourteenth September," was the prompt reply.

"Are you aware that in six months I shall have to leave Calthorpe?"

"I had not forgotten it, sir, but I thought that, so far as I was concerned we had spoken our last upon the subject unless I should have found the means to enable you to retain the place."

"Well, you have not found the means, and, although they are within your reach, you obstinately refuse to secure them."

Maurice was silent.

"You accept the position so complacently that I find it difficult to believe you thoroughly realize all that this means to me."

"Believe me, sir, I have thought of it very anxiously and often. But you gave me to understand that you yourself were satisfied that it was beyond my power to do as you wished. You gave me to understand that

you were ready to meet the misfortune with resignation, since it could not be helped."

Mr. Calthorpe took a chair and seated himself opposite his son.

"And so I was, and so I am prepared to accept the misfortune with resignation—provided it cannot be helped. But it is one thing to be content to sink when there is no possibility of keeping your head above water; it is quite another to resign yourself to going down when you see some one near you who has only to stretch out his hand to save you from drowning. That is precisely our position."

"I am afraid I cannot see it exactly in your way."

"I am afraid that I must really lose patience with you. Now, my dear Maurice, do consider how we stand from a common-sense point of view. I do not pretend to be able to enter into your exalted feelings in regard to matrimony, and I certainly do not appreciate the course of conduct which they induce you to pursue."

Maurice rested his elbow on the table, shading his eyes with his hand.

"I think you will admit," Mr. Calthorpe went on, "that since our memorable interview at home I have not pressed this subject upon you."

"That is so."

"I own that I did hope, I will even go so far as to admit that I expected, things would right themselves."

This was said as if he were making a generous admission to the advantage of his opponent in argument.

"And you have been disappointed, sir."

"On your part, most emphatically. No one can admire independence of character more than I do; no one can be more ready to assert that independence than I am, on due occasion. But you are mistaking the promptings of wounded vanity for honorable independence."

"I hope not."

"It is so, I assure you; any man with the slightest experience of the world would tell you the same. Just suppose for an instant that the positions had been reversed. Suppose that the lady was Lucy Smith and that you had in a moment of passion said to her the unpleasant things she said to you—would you not be sorry afterward, and regard her as acting unkindly as well as foolishly, if she gave you no opportunity of making amends?"

"Very likely I should; but I do not think that you grasp the position, and it is impossible to imagine what might happen if she were a man and I a woman," answered Maurice without uncovering his eyes, and there was a curious huskiness in his voice, as if the absurdity of his father's suggestion had disposed him to laughter in spite of the earnestness with which it had been made.

"Then you mean to persist in your insane course?"

"It is too late to alter it now."

This doggedness was very trying to the father; open rebellion he could understand and deal with; but this dull, passionless rejection of all reason was most irritating, and this insensibility to every ordinary feeling of self-interest was as incomprehensible to Mr. Calthorpe as it was apparently insurmountable. They had come to a deadlock.

"Very well," said Mr. Calthorpe, rising slowly, "we need not prolong this painful conversation. I may mention, however, that I have this morning received an invitation to luncheon at Colonel Cuthbert's; it is written by Miss Cuthbert, and in a postscript she tells me that she particularly wishes to see me. Have you no friendly word to send?"

"No."

Mr. Calthorpe waited for a moment as if hoping that Maurice would yet relent. Then, sarcastically:

"May I not even convey your congratulations on her forthcoming marriage?"

"Oh yes, certainly," replied Maurice, with symptoms of agitation at last. "You may congratulate her for me if you like; and you may tell her at the same time that I also am about to be married."

"Your jest, sir, is not agreeable or timely, and sounds somewhat like mockery of me."

"You are mistaken, father, it is no jest, and I do not

mean to be offensive to you. I intended it to be a pleasant surprise."

Mr. Calthorpe surveyed his son with an expression of mingled doubt and vexation.

"You to be married!" he exclaimed, glossing his sneer with pretended playfulness; "to another landlady's daughter, I presume, or some pretty Oxford street milliner."

"You have made a very bad guess. I have no fear that you will be discontented when you know the lady," said Maurice, smiling at his father's efforts to maintain his air of calm politeness.

"May I be permitted to inquire what is her name?"

"At present it is by her request a secret, even from you."

"Umph . . . Has she a fortune?"

"Yes."

"And position?"

"Yes, and beauty and goodness besides."

"Ah, the first two qualifications will suffice to bear the burden of the others. My dear boy, the best congratulations I can offer you is in telling you that this news has added twenty years to my life and I rejoice that we shall be able to spend them together—for of course you will make Calthorpe your headquarters?"

"I am not sure of that yet, and at any rate we need not settle about it until Calthorpe is free."

"Of course, of course, it is a mere detail," assented the father, hastily dismissing the disagreeable reminder, and proceeding with as much self-complacency as if mortgages and probable foreclosure were unknown to him: "Now I can go to Cuthbert's with a light heart and—aha!—Yes!—by Jove, I see it now."

His eyes brightened as if he had made some marvelous discovery and was proud of it.

"See what, sir?"

"Don't you see?—why she is able to speak about you now. She has heard of your engagement—these things do ooze out somehow, although, as in the present instance, some of those most interested are always the last to have the news. She has heard of it, and therefore feels herself at liberty to speak of you now, thinking that she cannot be misunderstood. Very likely she is sorry, too—of course I should congratulate her upon her escape from such a scamp as my son."

"She might not be pleased by any reference—"

"Tut, tut, you do not suppose I am such a fool as you are—not to see that is only my little joke! Upon my word I have become as much excited over the affair as if I myself were to be the bridegroom. Fortune and position!—my dear Maurice, I always predicted that you would make a hit some day."

"I have been very lucky."

"And you deserve it. There is my hand—I am proud of you!"

"I am glad of that, sir. I sometimes feared that you regarded me as hopelessly insane."

Mr. Calthorpe held up his hands deprecatingly.

"No more raking up of old scores, if you please. I may give Cuthbert a hint, I suppose?"

"You may tell him all you know."

"Then I shall start at once."

"I am going in your direction, so the one cab will serve us both."

(CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.)

THE WATERED LILIES.

THE Master stood in His garden,
Among the lilies fair,
Which His own right hand had planted
And trained with tenderest care.

He looked at their snowy blossoms,
And marked with observant eye
That His flowers were sadly drooping;
For the leaves were parched and dry.

"My lilies need to be watered,"
The Heavenly Master said;
"Wherein shall I draw it for them,
And raise each drooping head?"

Close to His feet on the pathway,
Empty and frail and small,
An earthen vessel was lying,
Which seemed of no use at all.

But the Master saw and raised it
From the dust in which it lay,
And smiled as He gently whispered,
"This shall do my work to-day.

"It is but an earthen vessel,
But it lay so close to me;
It is small, but it is empty,
And that is all it needs to be."

So to the fountain He took it,
And filled it full to the brim;
How glad was the earthen vessel
To be of some use to Him!

He poured forth the living water
Over His lilies fair,
Until the vessel was empty,
And again He filled it there.

He watered the drooping lilies
Until they revived again;
And the Master saw with pleasure,
That His labor had not been in vain.

His own hand had drawn the water
Which refreshed the thirsty flowers;
But He used the earthen vessel
To convey the living showers.

And to itself it whispered,
As He laid it aside once more:
"Still will I lie in His pathway,
Just where I did before.

"Close would I keep to the Master,
Empty would I remain,
And perhaps some day He may use me
To water his flowers again."

—[Gems of Poetry.



JAPANESE GARDENS.

To the average Japanese a place to cultivate and stroll about in, is as necessary as daily rice, hence we see gardens every where. The house may be small and mean in appearance, but the plot of ground is sure to be trim and gay.

First of all, privacy is insured by a high wall or bamboo fence; then, among the wealthy classes, a landscape gardener is called in; he looks about, takes in all the advantages of location, measures carefully the enclosed space, and is ready for business. Three things are declared indispensable, one or more mountains, a miniature lake or waterfall, and a tessellated pavement whereon the fair ones of the household may promenade directly after the summer showers.

No smoothly-shaven lawn stretches like a green velvet carpet before our eyes, but for a border, a trench is dug about two feet in width and filled in with the variously colored clays, which are so abundant in Japan. The effect is both odd and pretty.

Walks are now laid out and paved with curious and valuable stones—one of which may cost one hundred *yen* (dollars). Variety in color is sought for, and, where the gardener has an eye for artistic setting, the result is a thing of beauty, and promises to be a joy forever.

The artificial mountain next claims attention; the foundation is a huge pile of rocks and rubbish; earth is then brought in baskets and deposited to the depth of several feet, then grass-seed sown, which soon springs up thickly and covers the mound. This is to protect the earth from the violent rains of the warm season. *Fu-ji-Ya-ma*, the sacred mount, is reproduced exactly and

its summit crowned with a shrine before whose altar the little ones of the house may be seen making their childish offerings.

Should the garden lie in the neighborhood of a stream, a channel is dug and the water turned into it; the little brook dances merrily along its sinuous course, turns at last upon itself, and rejoins the parent stream. Rocks are piled upon each other and, by means of bamboo pipes cunningly laid and more cunningly concealed by masses of verdure, a tiny cataract frets and foams and makes unceasing music. Further on a curious bridge crosses the mimic river, and often a summer-house perches upon a convenient rock, while from its casement the angler dangles his line and plays at fishing. That the earth may not be worn away, dikes are constructed and constantly repaired.

Of course where there is no available water supply, the master of the house must be satisfied with a pond of gold-fish.

On the margin of these streams the far famed *lotus* dwells, drawing from its bed of slime vitality enough to spread its leaves to almost giant size, so that birds and frogs may rest upon them; while in the midst, guarded by these green sentinels, rises the stately blossom in all its snowy beauty.

Then the flower-beds! Masses of vivid coloring almost dazzling to the eye, but not sweet-scented like our more modest blooms.

But the crowning glory of the Japanese garden is its trees. Monarchs of the forest, denizens of yonder mountain range, may be seen side by side and overtopped by

shrubs. The stately cedar is bent into an umbrella, a dragon, a circle or a crocodile, as the gardener's fancy leads him, and a pine-tree growing in a flower-pot is said to be one hundred and fifty years old.

Bushy trees are stunted and their tops clipped into geometrical figures. All present a quaint appearance, yet we pity the poor things and wonder if they are happy.

Foliage plants are much sought for; the *banana* is particularly esteemed. Indeed none, save the rich, may aspire to it. From a cluster of bushes peers the *ishi doro* (stone lantern) and the tea-house is charmingly situated in a romantic seclusion. Could one wish more than the cares of the day laid aside, to sit in its tiny veranda, with song of insect, sleepy note of bird and ripple of waterfall mingling together and blending with the tinkle of a distant *sa-mi-sen* (kind of banjo), while the full round moon falls athwart *Fu-ji-Ya-ma* and lights up the miniature temple upon its summit? It is elysium!

Some of the travelers in Japan have lamented that the fine old gardens have fallen into decay, and that gardening itself is soon to be spoken of as a thing of the past. To be sure the vast tracts enclosed by the castle walls of the "*daimios*" have deteriorated, for the feudal system has been abolished many years, and the noblemen now dwell quietly and without pomp in Tokio. If one could enter the gate of the "*ya-shi-ki*" (dwelling of a nobleman), or even look over the high walls, I am quite certain he would see enough of beauty and picturesque quaintness to cause him to alter or at least to modify his opinion.

The following incident may not be inappropriate in connection with gardens, and illustrates both the ingenuity and courtesy of the Japanese.

My friend had just such an enchanting garden as I have tried to describe; there was but one drawback to his entire happiness. His neighbor, a retired merchant, had a passion for rare poultry, and the hens (like humanity, the same the world over), a *penchant* for my friend's garden. By sundry vigorous measures, all were persuaded to remain at home, save a magnificent specimen, who defiantly clucked her way along the flower-beds and water-side, leaving destruction strewn behind her.

The gentleman, with characteristic patience, bore it as long as he could, but finally decided that the mis-

creant must die. But how! After prolonged meditation the oriental rigged a fishing-tackle, baited the hook with a fine fat worm, and, throwing it cautiously, hid himself in the summer-house, and peeped through a crack in the paper-window. Presently the unlucky bird came stopping daintily along, and, espying the tempting morsel, greedily swallowed it. Presto! The line jerked sharply, and the fowl lay on the ground silenced forever. Then my friend sauntered carelessly out and was absorbed in his plants. When the dusky shades of evening fell, he hid him to the spot and, disengaging the hook, carried his foe to the servants' quarters, and ordered the cook to dress it for the next day's dinner. Then sitting down, he indited a polite note to his neighbor, saying that he had met with a piece of good luck, and begging him to join him the next day in emptying a few cups of *sake* (rice spirit).

At the appointed hour the guest appeared, and, after exhaustive preliminary compliments on either side, sat down to a substantial repast, the main element of which was a fowl stewed in *shoyu* (a kind of salt sauce); this dish drew forth the highest encomiums of the visitor. After sitting some time over their wine, he rose to depart and, according to custom, the host accompanied him to the "mouth of the house." As he slipped his feet into his sandals, he murmured:

"Ten million thanks for your kind and bountiful entertainment. That chicken lingers yet upon my palate."

"No thanks are due me, and you may to-morrow dine upon as good a bird."

"How?" inquired the departing guest.

"How dense is your ignorance! Do you not know that you have feasted upon one of your own pets—a trespasser of too long standing to be forgiven any further? Do not be angry, it is unseemly; the fowl has fulfilled its mission in supplying us a most excellent meal of which you have had your full share!"

The ex-merchant gaped in astonishment, while a variety of expressions flitted over his face like skurrying clouds across the moon; the ludicrous side of the affair struck him so forcibly that he burst into irrepressible laughter and insisted on his entertainer's dining with him the very next day—where the story was repeated amid shouts of merriment from the assembled company.

E. T. HONJO.

"THE KING'S BUSINESS."

SLOWLY and aimlessly out of the village wandered poor, half-witted Nat that pleasant summer afternoon. He had no particular destination, "only goin' somewhere"—his reply always to any question in regard to his movements. During the morning he had been parading the village street, his hat trimmed luxuriantly with feathers, while he sounded forth his own praise through the medium of a tin horn. Of course he had attracted attention. A small army of urchins had surrounded him, front and rear, and he had taken their shouts and teasing remarks for applause and admiration. But now his grandeur was gone. One by one his followers had forsaken him, until at last he was "left alone in his glory;" and with poor Nat, like the rest of us, what does glory amount to when there are none to witness?

And so he moved onward in his drifting, uncertain way across the creek at the edge of the village, up the hill, until his stalwart form stood out against the sky—for Nat was strong in body though weak in mind; then he passed down on the other side to where the road entered a forest which stretched for miles away. It was here quiet and lonely, but Nat fancied this. He occasionally liked to escape from human voices and human habitations, to get away by himself and talk with the birds, the trees and the flowers. Here in the wood the wild vagaries of his brain found full play. Here no one disputed his claims to greatness, no one denied his being a noted general, a gifted orator or musician, when the fancy seized him to be such. In fact Nat always had "greatness thrust upon him;" he was never an ordinary man in his own estimation, and he was not now.

But on this occasion a new fancy had taken possession of him—he was on business for the King. What King, or what was the particular business he did not precisely know, but he had derived his idea from various sermons he had heard at the village church and Sunday-school, which he attended with scrupulous punctuality through all weathers, and although he understood but little of the proceedings, yet chance sentences had fastened themselves on his sluggish brain.

"I'm on business for the King," he muttered, reaching up his great strong hand and wrenching a huge overhanging branch from its place and speedily converting it into a walking stick. "Yes, I'm on business for the King, the King of all around here, the birds, the trees, the flowers and the humble-bees. He sent me, He did." Parson said so t'other Sunday. He said the King sent out his messengers to do his work. He sent out twelve on 'em once't, an' they wasn't to take no money in their purse nor nothin' to eat. Guess He sent me, 'cause I hain't got no money an' hain't had nothin' to eat all day."

He strode onward, murmuring his thoughts as he went, until after a time he came upon a public road which ran through the wood. A placard fastened to a tree by the roadside attracted his attention, and he paused to consider it. He could not read, but as his eyes were fixed upon the printed characters the tinkle of a cow-bell was heard down the road, and presently a cow came into view, followed by the short, sturdy figure and round, freckled face of Tommy Brock. Tommy was flourishing a large stick and shouting at the cow in his efforts to keep her in a proper homeward direction. As he came up he exclaimed:

"Hello, Nat! What are you doin' here?"

"I'm on business for the King," replied Nat with dignity.

"On business for—who?" asked Tommy in surprise.

"For the King. He sent me," said Nat again. "That's his orders there, I take it," pointing to the placard. "What is it, Tommy?"

"That? Why that's only an advertisement," answered Tommy, his eyes opening wider in his astonishment. "It says, 'Go to Tracey's Half-Way House for a square meal.'"

"Yes, I know'd it! I know'd it!" exclaimed Nat exultingly. "The King said take no money nor nothin' to eat, an' He'd take keer of me. He says 'Go, an' I'll obey orders,'" and instantly his tall figure was moving swiftly down the road.

Tommy gazed after him a minute in bewildered silence, and then exclaimed emphatically as he turned away:

"My! but ain't he cracked!"

With rapid steps Nat hurried forward, swinging his huge stick and talking to himself. He had taken the placard as a veritable command to go to Tracey's, and thitherward he directed his steps. It was not the first time he had been there. On previous occasions when he had passed that way he had been kindly treated by Mrs. Tracey, and perhaps that had something to do with the alacrity of his movement, and he hastened down the road till it brought him to a small stream, on the bank of which stood a saw-mill. Mr. Tracey, the owner of the Half-Way House, was engaged at work here, and he turned aside to speak to him.

"I'm on business for the King, and I'm goin' to your

house," he announced with the dignified gravity that belonged to his royal commission.

"On business for the King, and goin' to my house, eh?" answered the person addressed, a good-natured smile crossing his kindly face. "Well, I reckon that's a high honor to me. You've got a tramp afore you, though, Nat—a good seven miles."

"I must obey orders," replied Nat simply.

"That's right—obey orders. Well, if you do go, tell Mrs. Tracey I'll be home to-morrow night. Tell her, too, not to be uneasy about that money bein' in the house, 'cause I'll see to it when I come."

"What money's that?" asked a fellow workman as Nat turned away.

"My pension. My claim was allowed last week, and I got the money—five hundred dollars—yesterday. I was foolish not to put it in the bank right off, but I didn't, and as I didn't have time to go to town yesterday I had to leave it at home. I reckon it's safe enough, though, till to-morrow night, and then"—

"Hist!" interrupted his companion suddenly. "What's that?"

Tracey paused to listen.

"I didn't hear anything," he said.

"I thought I heard some one over there," pursued the other, pointing to a large, high pile of boards a few feet distant—the boards being piled in form of a square with a large cavity in the center. "Most likely it was rats, though."

"More likely to be rats than anything else, there's so many about here," answered Tracey. Then he added jocularly: "Maybe, though, it's them burglars that's been playin' mischief 'round these parts for the last week or so—maybe they're stowed away in that pile of lumber. My! if I really believed that I'd be uneasy myself, for the chaps would have heard all I said about my pension."

"What burglars is that?" inquired the other.

"What burglars? Why, man, don't you read the papers? Why, only yesterday the sheriff and his deputies rode by my house on the hunt for 'em. Last Saturday night they broke into Lawyer Burke's house, in the village, and carried off about a hundred dollars, and then on Sunday night they got into the railroad station, broke open the safe, and made off with about three hundred more. That's the biggest of their hauls, though they've entered several other places."

The conversation was continued on this topic for a few minutes, and then dropped. Neither of the men thought it worth while to investigate the cause of the noise, and they pursued their work for a short time and were then called over to the other side of the mill. Just as they disappeared a face peered over the top of the board-pile from the inside, another followed a moment later, and presently two rough, villainous-looking men came into view, and seeing they were unobserved, sprang quickly to the ground and hastened into the forest.

"Close shave that, as bein' as we was hid there all last night and all day till now," said one as he pushed through the underbrush.

"Yes; I thought as once them mill chaps was a comin' to look," responded the other. "Good for 'em as they didn't, an' took us for rats; 'cause the p'lice be on the look-out now an' we don't want to use no shootin' irons an' make things too hot. We must move out lively from 'ere, Bill."

"Not till we get that 'ere pension," answered Bill significantly. "That lay-out were as good as pitched at

us, an' it'd be a pity not to take it. 'Sides, the gov'ment owes me a pension for all the time I've lost in jails and prisons, an' this ere's a good chance to get it. I knows where the crib is, 'cause we stopped there last week for somethin' to eat, don't you mind? This feller that owns it was there at the time. There is nobody but a woman an' two little uns, an' they're easy fixed, an' there ain't no other house nigh."

"But there's that 'ere other chap as said as he was a goin' there?"

"Him?" He's crazy, an' if he goes there at all he'll only stop a bit an' move on. A tap on the head 'll settle him, anyway, if he's there—but then he won't be there."

During this time Nat was not idle. His tall form, with long and steady stride, was hastening forward "on business for the King." It did not occur to him what he should do when he reached Tracey's and had been supplied with food. At present he was "obeying orders"—and beyond that his thought did not go. It was indeed a long walk he had undertaken, and it was just at dusk that he reached his destination. The Half-way House was a lonely hostelry, situated at the intersection of two roads, with no other house in sight, and was a common stopping-place for persons passing to and from the city. Nat stepped boldly upon the broad piazza in front, and with full consciousness of his right walked unhesitatingly into the pleasant sitting-room. Mrs. Tracey came forward to meet him.

"Why, Nat, is that you?"

"Yes'm," he answered gravely. "I was told to come here an' get a square meal. The King sent me."

"The King sent you? Well, I guess I'll have to give you a supper then," said she. "And by the way, Nat, did you see my husband on your way here?"

"Yes'm; and he said for me to tell you he'd be home to-morrow night, and for you not to be uneasy about that money."

"O dear! I did so hope he'd come this evening," she sighed.

She was indeed uneasy on account of the money in the house. She had slept but little the preceding night thinking about it, and had worried about it all through the day, and now another lonely night was before her. As she was preparing supper for her guest another thought came to her. Could she not induce Nat to stop there for the night? His notion of wandering made it an uncertain request, and even if he remained, with his beclouded intellect, he could not be depended on in case of trouble. Still he would be company, and perhaps he might aid her—she prayed for that—if she needed help.

"Nat," she said, as she poured out a glass of milk for him, "won't you stay here to night?"

"I don't know whether it be orders," he answered uncertainly. "Parson said the King sent out his messengers, an' they wasn't to take no money nor nothin' to eat, an' I don't know if it be right to stop."

"O yes it is," replied Mrs. Tracey, catching at once an idea of his thoughts. "I heard what the parson said too. When the King's messenger entered a house he was to abide there—that is to stop. Don't you remember?"

Nat considered the proposition.

"Yes'm, that's his orders. I'll stop," he said.

"And, Nat," pursued the lady, rendered eager by her success, "there's another thing the King said—you heard it at Sunday-school. He said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me'—that is, such little children as mine there," pointing to them as they stood at her side.

"And the King said, too, 'Whoever shall offend one of these little ones it is better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were east into the sea.' The King doesn't wish any harm to come to his little ones, in any way—you remember that?"

"Yes'm," replied Nat absently.

"Well, then," continued Mrs. Tracey, driving the concluding nail into her argument, "if any bad, wicked men should come here to-night, and try to hurt me or these little ones that belong to the King, you would help us, wouldn't you?"

She waited anxiously for the reply. Nat looked at her vaguely for a moment, and then his eye wandered

aimlessly around the room, and then back to her. Finally he said quietly:

"The King sent me. I'll obey orders."

How far he understood she did not know, and all her effort could draw out no more definite reply, and with that she was obliged to be content. As the evening grew late she provided her guest with a sleeping-place in an adjoining room, by throwing a few quilts on the floor—for Nat would sleep nowhere else—and then she lay down, without undressing, on a bed beside her children. But it was a long time before slumber visited her troubled spirit.

As for Nat, no thought of worry or anxiety for the future was on his mind, and he "slept the sleep of the just" and his dreams were peaceful. But after a time those dreams became disturbed and discordant—a voice seemed to be calling to him from his King, and presently he awakened with a start.

"Nat! help! Nat, the King wants you!" came in smothered tones from the other room.

In an instant he sprang lightly to his feet, and grasping his stick he strode forward and opened the door. A fearful struggle met his view as he entered. Two rough, evil-looking men were there—one holding Mrs. Tracey, the other the children—and the villains were evidently trying to bind and gag their victims. As Nat witnessed the scene his tall form seemed to tower yet higher, and a strange, fierce light gleamed from his eyes.

"I belong to the King!" he thundered. "How dare you offend his little ones?"

At this unexpected intrusion one of the burglars released his hold of Mrs. Tracey, and sprang forward with an oath to meet him. But it was in vain. The great stick was whirled in the air, and then came down with fearful force on the head of the villain, and he sank senseless to the floor. The remaining burglar hastened to his comrade's assistance, but he was like a child in the hands of a giant, and in a moment he, too, was helpless and motionless. Nat stooped and drew the two insensible forms toward him.

"Now bring them ropes, and I'll hang a"—he paused, and left the sentence unfinished. "But there ain't no millstones 'bout here to hang 'round their necks!" he added, looking up bewildered. "Do you b'lieve a big rock would do? I must obey orders."

"No, I don't believe a rock would do," replied Mrs. Tracey, smiling in spite of her alarm. "But they will be coming to presently; I would just tie their hands and feet and leave them until morning."

"Yes'm, so I will. The King said tie 'em hand and foot—that's his orders. They won't offend his little ones any more," and in a few minutes Nat had them safely secured.

I need not tell of the night that followed, of how Nat kept sleepless guard over his captives, and of how, when morning came and help came with it, the burglars were safely lodged in the county jail. All that is easily surmised. But at last Nat was a hero—not only in his own eyes but in the eyes of all others. He bore his honors meekly and with dignity, as a right belonging to a servant of the King. He accepted the numerous congratulations and hand-shakings, wondering, perhaps, what it all meant, and replying to the questions heaped upon him with the simple statement: "I just obeyed orders." Nothing, however, could induce him to accept any reward for his services. The royal command was to take no bread, no money in his purse, and he would not.

But Nat did not lack for friends after that. He still continued his wandering, and, as the story spread, homes and hearts were open to him everywhere. But it was at Tracey's that he was more especially welcomed, and as the years came and went it was noticed that his visits became more frequent and his stays more prolonged. Indeed, as Tracey expressed it:

"He'll get his orders to come here an' die yet, I reckon; an' he's welcome to all the care we can give him. An' I just believe that away up in that other world we read about, he'll be as clear-headed as anybody, and in genuine earnest will forever be on business for the King."

—[Erskine M. Hamilton, in "Our Continent."

SEPTEMBER GLEANINGS.

THE Japanese, whether he comes from north, south, east, or west, is proud above all else of Fu-ji-Ya-ma. He paints it, he carves it in wood and stone, he rhymes to it, he dedicates volumes to it, he ascends it religiously, and to him it is the unapproached marvel and glory of the whole world. A Yeddo boatman could not credit the writer when he was told that Fu-ji was not visible from Europo! The Japanese learns to pronounce its hundred names as a child: he can repeat endless stories and fables about it long before he has mastered the difficulties of the Katanka syllabary; he never wearies of looking at it, and feels his momentary superiority to be incontestable when he can point it out for the first time to a stranger. Vast temples, beautiful scenery, gorgeous palaces, are well enough in their way, according to his ideas, but first of all see Fu-ji. To the south glitters the expanse of the bay of Yeddo, dotted with innumerable junks and a few vessels of European build, and by the side of the bay runs the Tocaïdo, the great road of the Southern Sea, which may be traced by its brown fringe of houses until it is lost to sight among the hills behind which lies the European settlement of Yokohama. In the "good old days" this was a terrible road to travel. Processions of great lords were continually passing up or down, and the penalty for not making a humble obeisance was a blow from a keen sword. *Ronins*—disbanded soldiers and gentlemen of the road—infested its length, and perhaps to no road in the world clings such a history of bloody occurrences as to the Tocaïdo. Now it is peaceful and quiet enough, for with the new order of things the great lords were banished and *Ronins* suppressed, and the completion of the railway has taken from it most of its ancient traffic and prosperity. Signs of its old importance, however, still exist in the shape of huge tea-houses, now mostly decayed and deserted, and innumerable temples and shrines by the wayside.—*London Society*.

"DOUBT IS

The mountain's image trembling in the lake.

Look up! Perhaps the mountain does not quake."

—[W. J. Linton.

MISS CARY'S FATHER AND HUSBAND.—Dr. Nelson H. Cary, the father of Annie Louise Cary, had a musical family. Joseph Cary, his oldest son, was a fine bass singer, and married a musician, Flora Barry, at one time a well-known opera singer; William Cary, the second son, was a good singer; Marcia Cary, now Mrs. J. C. Merrill, of Portland, the next youngest child, was supposed to possess a richer contralto than her youngest sister, Annie. The next daughter, Ellen Cary, was the only soprano singer in the family. Then there came Samuel Cary, who had a good bass voice. With the musical qualities of the voice of the next younger child, Annie Louise Cary, the public is well acquainted. The youngest child, Ada Cary, is about to become a professional singer. Mr. C. M. Raymond, who married Annie Louise Cary, is a well-known Wall-street broker, having his office at 74 Broadway. He came to New York from Norwalk, Conn., where his family resides. For some years he was senior member of the firm of Raymond & Saxon, brokers,

and subsequently of the firm of Raymond, Saxon & Rodgers. He was one of the founders of the Stock Exchange. It is said by the friends of Mr. Raymond that he and Miss Cary have been engaged for years; in fact, since her girlhood. Mr. Raymond was a bachelor, is of middle age, and a leading member of the Manhattan Club.

CASTOR-OIL PLANTS AS FLY-KILLERS.—Observations made by M. Rafford, a member of the Société d'Horticulture at Limoges, show that a castor-oil plant having been placed in a room infested with flies, they disappeared as by enchantment. Wishing to find the cause, he soon found under the castor-oil plant a number of dead flies, and a large number of bodies had remained clinging to the under surface of the leaves. It would, therefore, appear that the leaves of the castor-oil plant give out an essential oil or some toxic principle which possesses very strong insecticide qualities. Castor-oil plants are in France very much used as ornamental plants in rooms, and they resist very well variations of atmosphere and temperature. As the castor-oil plant is much grown and cultivated in all gardens, the *Journal d'Agriculture* points out that it would be worth while to try decoctions of the leaves to destroy the green flies and other insects which in summer are so destructive to plants and fruit trees.—*Scientific American*.

A TREE WITH 200 BIRDS' NESTS.—An old elm stands near the depot in Fair street, Kingston, N. Y., which is a favorite building-place for birds. More than 200 nests have been counted among its branches this season, and the birds fill the old tree with song. It is the admiration of every visitor.

AN ANCIENT HERBARIUM.—A small herbarium of plants, some thirty-five centuries old, must be an object of considerable interest. Such a one, says *Nature*, has recently been found by Dr. Schweinfurth, from garlands found on the breasts of mummies discovered last year at Deir el Bahari, by MM. Brugsch and Maspero. Two garlands on the body of King Aames I. consisted of leaves of Egyptian willow (*Salix salsaf*) folded twice, and sewed side by side along a branch of date-palm, so forming clasps for separate flowers inserted in the folds. The flowers were those of *Acacia Nilotica*, of *Nymphæa cærulea* with isolated petals, of *Alcea ficifolia*, and of a *Delphinium*, believed to be oriental. The garlands of the other kings contained flowers of *Carthamus tinctorius*, and the folded leaves were those of *Mimusops Kummel*. Leaves of the common watermelon (*Cucumis citrullus*) were also found on the body of Neb-Seni, a high-priest of the twentieth dynasty. Dr. Schweinfurth managed to preserve many of the leaves and flowers by moistening them, putting them in alcohol, and then spreading them out and drying. A remarkable thing is the preservation of color of the chlorophyll violet in *Delphinium*, green in the watermelon leaves. All the species named are still found in the East; and they afford examples of both spontaneous and cultivated plants continuing for many generations without variation.—*Exchange*.

Kitty Clover.

A True Story.



I LIVED in a dear little cottage by the sea-shore last summer with a very kind master and mistress, who took the very best care of me, and they allowed me many privileges, which are not often granted to little kittens like me, and so I was happy and contented from morning until night. I had a pretty velvet cushion to lie down upon whenever I felt tired and sleepy and wanted to purr. I felt very proud of my personal appearance, for I was pure white with one exception: I had a black mark on my back, which was the exact shape of a clover leaf, which is a sign of good luck, and that is why they called me "Kitty Clover," and I think I was a lucky kitten to find such a nice home. My master always whistled for me whenever he wanted me to come out of my hiding-place, wherever that might be; and no matter where I was, if I heard his whistle, I answered the call at once, to see what he wanted. I used to wear the loveliest pink and blue ribbons around my snowy neck, with a tiny silver bell attached. I had a little table all to myself, where I ate my meals and drank sweet warm milk. Sometimes my master would hold up a piece of meat before my nose and eyes so high that I could not reach it, and I would run all over him just as nimbly as a squirrel. One day I did a very naughty thing. When the house was all quiet and deserted, I enticed a friend of mine in to make a call, and see what a lovely home I lived in, and showed her my master's beautiful studio. His palette was lying on a chair by his easel, and we both played with it, because we thought it was such a pretty toy. I painted myself all over every color of the rainbow, and friend Kitty did the same, but we were not good artists at all. Then we run upstairs and laid down on the bed to rest, and ruined every thing on it, as our artistic colors all rubbed off. When my master and mistress came into their room and saw what I had been doing during their absence, they were

so full of laughter at the change in my appearance and friend Kitty's too, that they had not the heart to whip me, but called me a bad, mischievous little "Clover." Whenever they went out anywhere after that, I was not permitted to keep house for them again, but carefully locked up in the cellar, where I had great sport chasing the mice around; and if I caught any mice, which I often did, I would bring them up-stairs and lay them at my master's feet, to show him that I had not been idle while they were away. I was often invited by my master and mistress to take a walk with them on the beach, which was always a great treat to me, for I used to play in the breakers as they rolled up on the beach, and would scamper back when I found my feet were getting wet, and everybody was very much amused when they saw me trying to catch the waves, and in my funny ways I made many friends. Those, who knew me, would exclaim, "There goes little 'Kitty Clover'; is she not the greatest curiosity you ever saw?" and so I became very proud, and enjoyed being flattered; but I never allowed any one to pet or caress me, but my dear master and mistress, which was another of my peculiarities. In the beautiful cool woods near by my home, I spent many happy hours, catching birds and butterflies, which were a delicious feast for a dainty kitten like me. Occasionally I'd bring into the house some of my prey, and if I found my master grieved over any of the little birds I had killed, I would run and hide it under the sofa, and would not touch it until he told me I could; so you see what a strange little body I was, so different from others of my kind, and that is why I take pleasure in telling my history. When the summer days were ended, my good master and mistress were obliged to find another home for me, but not without a few tears did they send me away. My winter home was snug and cosy. The little children there made it lively

for me, and I played ball with them, also hide-and-seek and other games, but I am not treated as nicely by my new friends. Now summer has come again, and I am preparing to return to the little cottage by the sea, where I passed so many happy hours, and I know they will be very glad to see their little pet "Kitty Clover" once again.

L. W.

Collecting Butterflies and Moths.

In the first place, what is the difference between a butterfly and a moth? "Moths," you say, "are little gray millers that fly around lamps and get burned, and butterflies have beautiful wings and are big."

My dear children, some moths are larger than any butterfly that you ever saw, and their wings are as beautiful and more delicate than butterflies.

The reason why you do not see them oftener is that they like to fly when you are asleep.

Sometimes you can find one of them in the daytime, but almost always, if you wish to catch them, you must watch at twilight, or set a trap.

"A trap! doesn't it break their pretty wings?"

Not at all. If you try to catch moths, set a little lantern out-of-doors near a cup of molasses—not syrup, but strong-smelling molasses,—and watch for moths some summer evening, if your mother will let you sit up till nine o'clock as a great treat.

They will see the light, and come to get the molasses. Then have your net ready for them.

"But where are we to get the net?"

Make it, by all means. If you buy one, you will have to pay from one to three dollars for the frame.

Some boys and girls fasten a wire to an old umbrella-handle for their butterfly net.

That is good, but you can make one still more easily, and can get another just like it when it is worn out.

First, cut a long willow twig, and bend one end into a circle about a foot wide. Fasten it with a stout piece of twine, and then, if you are good at sewing, make a bag of white mosquito netting and fasten it around the bent part of the willow twig.

Then, when you see a butterfly or moth, steal softly up to him, put the net over him, and give it a twist so that he cannot fly away.

You must not be disappointed, and pout, and say that there is no fun in catching butterflies, and you will never try to get one again, even if you lose three or four just when you think that you have them.

Keep on trying, and in a week or two you will have the beginning of a good collection.

"But what shall we do with our butterflies and moths, after we have caught them?"

Something that seems cruel, but is not, for insects cannot feel pain as we can. Squeeze their bodies, not their wings, near the head, between your thumb and forefinger while you count a hundred.

If you touch their wings, you will find your fingers all covered with dust, that is really little scales.

When you are older you will learn how to give your insects a drop of ether, that will put them to sleep. Perhaps your older brother or sister will use it for you, but you must not handle it for a year or two yet.

After the butterfly is dead, carefully put a pin through his body, and then into a cork, and spread out his wings

with little strips of card fastened by pins to the board on which he is laid.

If you put the pins through the card just outside the wings, and then lay the other end of the card upon them, you can spread them very well.

You may catch a large moth in the evening, and if you look at him and the butterfly together, you will see that they are different.

In the first place their bodies are unlike. Which is larger than the other?

Then the wings are different in shape. Which has the longer hind wings?

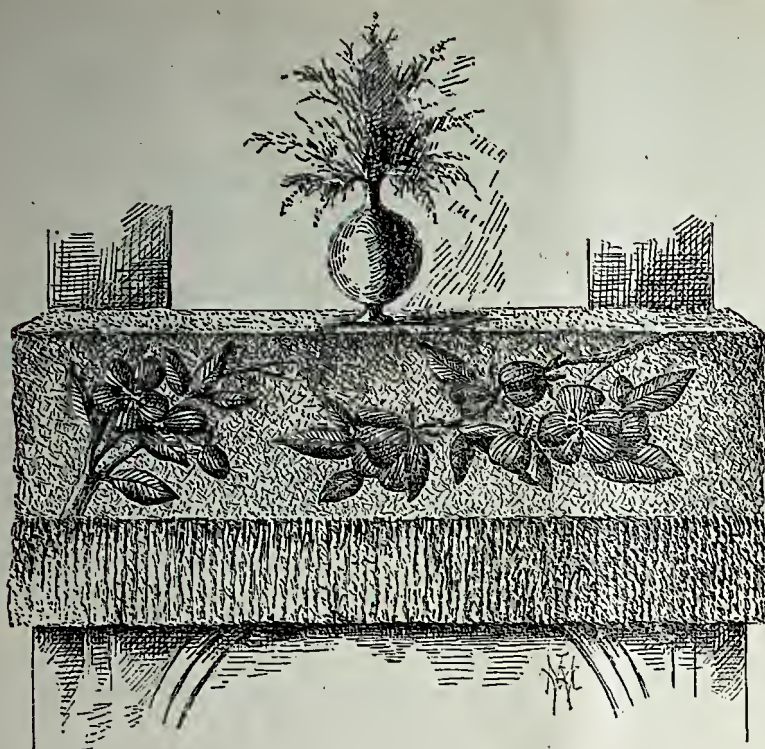
The feelers, too, are different. Which insects have knobs on the ends, and which have branches on both sides?

Another way of collecting insects is by putting caterpillars and the leaves on which you find them into a box, with netting over the top, and letting them spin cocoons, or grow hard and dry and seem dead.

Sometimes you can find cocoons, or—a long, hard word—chrysalides, on bushes and trees or fences.

You will soon learn to know them and keep them till butterflies and moths come out of them.—*Youths' Companion*.

THE DOG MAJOR AND THE CAT.—A gentleman in this city owns a fine large dog named Major. Major's hatred of a cat appears to be deep-seated, and he will kill all that comes in his way. His master's wife had a cat which she determined Major should not harm, and she took great pains to impress the big brute with this idea. She would take puss in her arms, carry her up to the dog, and while stroking and petting her would talk to her enemy reprovingly. The intelligent dog seemed to understand every word she said, but for all that he would keep his eyes fastened upon puss with a longing and hungry look. But his mistress conquered, and made him understand that he must live on friendly terms with puss. More than once he had been seen watching the cat with a look of evil intent, but out of respect to his mistress he conquered his nature, and would throw himself upon the ground with a sigh expressive of deep disgust at the situation. The cat was disposed to be on friendly terms with her enemy, but Major would not tolerate the slightest familiarity. Whenever puss approached him he would get up and go away with a melancholy look, which seemed to say: "I am dying to kill you, and it's dog-gone hard luck that I can't do it." Thus matters went on for some months, and puss began to incur the displeasure of her mistress by sneaking up stairs at every opportunity and making trouble by curling herself up and taking naps on the snowy counterpanes and doing such other untidy acts as would naturally arouse the ire of a neat housekeeper. One morning the lady told her husband that the cat was getting so troublesome that she guessed it would have to be killed. A few minutes later a rush and a struggling noise was heard, and as the lady of the house hastened to the door to see what had happened, Major walked up to his mistress and laid at her feet the dead body of puss, then looked up with an air of triumph, and wagged his tail with intense satisfaction. He had heard his mistress express the wish that puss might be killed, and this was so in consonance with his own feelings that he went right out and finished the cat.—*Hartford Times*.



Mantel or Shelf Lambrequin.

A VERY handsome lambrequin is made of plush with a design embroidered in crewels and silks. For an ordinary mantelpiece about two yards and a half of plush would be necessary for the length, and the depth should be three-eighths of a yard. If crimson harmonizes with the furniture and decorations of the room for which it is intended, it is a rich, warm color to use, and the pale pink of apple blossoms contrasts prettily with it. A piece of board should be cut the exact shape and size of the top of the mantelpiece. It is to be smoothly covered with plush, drawing the plush over the edge, and tacking it through the sides. The lambrequin is to be embroidered with a design of apple blossoms, dog-wood or whatever flowers may be preferred, using crewels for the dark shade in the leaves and flowers, and embroidery silk for the light shades. When the embroidery is finished the piece must be lined with silicia the same color of the plush, the edges of both materials to be turned in and neatly sewed together, not allowing the stitches to be seen. The upper edge does not require sewing as it is to be tacked to the wood. Instead of nailing through the right side of the plush, the tacks must be put in not to show. In order to do this, turn the plush-covered board so that the plush will be downwards. Then place the lambrequin wrong side out and tack the raw edge to the shelf, and care must be taken that the plush shall fall from the upper edge of the wood. When this is finished, turn the shelf again that the plush shall be out, and the lambrequin also will fall right side out. It has a neater finish than if trimmed with cord, although, perhaps, it is a little more troublesome. Should a trimming be desired for the lower edge, chenille fringe seems most suitable for the plush, and the effect is very rich. It is, however, considered

more artistic not to use trimming of any kind, simply the embroidered plush. Other and less expensive materials may be used, such as cloth or felt. The embroidery to be executed in the same manner as for the plush. The edge may be trimmed with worsted ball fringe, or the material itself can be cut in shreds about an eighth of a yard deep on the lambrequin. But in this case the lambrequin should be at least half a yard in depth, which will allow an eighth of a yard to be fringed. These are also very pretty, but of course do not present so rich an appearance as the plush.

M. E. WHITTEMORE.

Luncheon Favors.

THESE favors are a pretty fancy used to designate the place of each guest at the table. There are many varieties, one of the most popular a satin bag which is filled with French bon-bons. Two circular pieces of cardboard are cut for the bottom; they may be the size round of a coffee-cup, each covered with satin, and overhanded together with sewing-silk the same shade as the satin. A straight piece of card-board is then cut to fit exactly around the circular piece. It should be two inches high. This is also covered plainly with satin, and the edge overhanded to that of the circular piece, forming a round box without a cover. Join the seam very carefully that it may have a neat appearance. A full bag of satin is then securely sewed to the upper edge of the box, the top of the bag to have a hem half an inch wide, and just below it a casing through which a ribbon is run for a drawing string. Trim the upper and lower edges of the box with a fine silk cord, and paint round the side



of it a pretty design of flowers. On one of the strings the name of the guest for whom it is intended should be painted in fancy lettering either gilt or some color that will contrast well with the satin. The bags are filled with French candies, and laid beside each place at the table. The effect is good to have each bag a different color and arrange them that they may contrast well.

A miniature straw wheelbarrow gilded is very pretty filled with fresh-cut flowers, a ribbon-bow with ends is tied on one handle, and on one end of the bow, the name of the guest is painted. These little arrangements decorate the table, and are dainty little *souvenirs* which may be kept by each guest.

M. E. WHITTEMORE.

CAMEO OIL-PAINTING.

THIS is one of the names by which a certain form of decorative work is designated, although it might with equal propriety be called illuminated photography, crystal-painting, etc. It is an art easily learned and comparatively inexpensive. It may be applied, not only to photographs, but to pictures of any kind that have no printing on the back and which are not on too thick paper. Much more attention has been paid to this form of decorative art in France than anywhere else. There, photographic copies of famous paintings have been made to glow with all the coloring of painted copies of the originals, and possessing at the same time all the added advantage of being absolutely faultless in outline.

Various worthless systems have been taught in this country by traveling "professors," at prices ranging from three to ten dollars per lesson, the chemicals which were used causing the picture to entirely fade out in a few weeks or months.

By the process I am about to describe, you have a picture as permanent as a steel engraving, while the beauty of its coloring will, of course, in a great measure depend upon your artistic taste.

Many of you have probably seen those photographs on convex glasses, colored to the life, with, perhaps, flowers of natural hues in the hair, the contrasting colors of the dress and surroundings given with a fidelity which is a marked improvement over the dead black and white of an ordinary photograph. It is this work which I will endeavor to explain, first beginning with the materials used:

No. 1. *The Paste*.—Take one sheet of transparent gelatine, to be obtained at any apothecary store at a trifling cost; half a tea-spoonful of nitrate of strontia, also inexpensive; one tea-spoonful and a half of corn starch. Mix in six ounces of water; put it on the stove and allow it to just come to a boil.

No. 2. *The Transparent Mixture*.—One ounce balsam of fir; one ounce poppy oil; one-half ounce spirits of turpentine. Mix these together in a bottle and keep corked except when using.

No. 3. *The Varnish*.—One ounce balsam of fir, one-half ounce spirits turpentine, mixed.

Now, take the photograph you wish to color, place it in a dish of clean boiling water and let it remain until the thin paper on which the picture is can be taken off easily. If it does not start before the water gets cool, pour it off and put in fresh hot water. When the picture has been finally detached from the card, place it between two sheets of clean blotting paper to remove the superfluous moisture. There is no necessity, however, for allowing it to become perfectly dry.

Next take one of the oval glasses, or if you do not have them, flat glasses will do. Spread the paste (No. 1)

evenly over the face of the picture and paste it to the concave side of the glass. With your finger or a soft handkerchief, press out all the wrinkles and all the superfluous paste and air bubbles. Begin at the centre and smooth toward the edges. Be sure all the air bubbles are pressed out from between the picture and the glass, for unless they are you will not be able to make it transparent. Looking directly at the picture, you may not be able to detect them; but hold it horizontally on a line with your eye and you will see them more readily. Now set the work away and allow it to get perfectly dry, which may take fifteen minutes and perhaps two hours; but at any rate, don't be in a hurry.

The next step is to render the picture transparent. For this you use preparation No. 2. Drop it around on the back of the picture and then with your finger or some smooth instrument, like a paper-knife or spoon-bowl, spread the mixture evenly over the whole picture. Now set away again where there is no dust, and leave it until it has become transparent. This will take from half an hour to two days, according to the quality of the paper. I have made thick engraving paper translucent in twenty minutes, while thin photograph paper has taken 48 hours or more, and occasionally I have found paper that would not become entirely transparent at all. As long as there are any white spots to be seen in the paper the work is not done. When completed the picture should be nearly, if not quite, as plainly seen on the back as on the face.

After the transparency is made, wipe off the surplus mixture. A clean, smooth piece of glove kid is the best for this. Wipe smoothly and evenly and not too hard, in order not to leave any streaks.

Next take No. 3 varnish and give the back of the picture one smooth coating with the finger. Now, if you choose to wait long enough, this varnish will dry hard; but there is no necessity for waiting for more than a few hours, unless you choose. But you may proceed to get ready for the coloring. To do this, you must first place narrow strips of thin cardboard, not more than a quarter of an inch wide, along the back of the picture, close to the edges. Then on this place the second glass. The object in using cardboard, you will understand, is to keep the glasses a trifle apart. After this is done, have ready strips of thin, tough paper, just wide enough to cover the edges and lap over perhaps a quarter of an inch on each side. Spread some of your paste on the strips and fasten your glasses together, and after this has dried, the photograph is ready for the colors. You must have good artist's brushes to do fine work. Be sure that the brush will come to a fine point when wet.

Now, of course, before you begin the work, you have provided yourself with an assortment of colors. Hold the picture up to a good light, back towards you, and

lay on the colors. Paint the lips first with a stroke of carmine or vermillion. Be very careful in this part of the work, as an unskillful stroke may give the subject a wry mouth. Following is a list of the paints to be used on the other features:

The Eyes.—For blue eyes: Chinese blue or ultramarine blue with perhaps a small quantity of ivory black. Brown eyes: Vandyke brown. Black eyes: ivory black. Grey eyes: Vandyke brown and silver white, mixed to the right tint. After painting the iris, color the rest of the eyes with white, faintly tinged with yellow.

The Complexion.—Mix silver white, yellow ochre and a little red; or vermillion, silver white and Naples yellow in proper proportions to give the tinge you desire. In children's faces put in a little vermillion. For dark complexions, shade with Vandyke brown.

The Hair.—Blonde: Chrome yellow and burnt senna; or Vandyke brown and yellow ochre. Brown: Vandyke brown and Naples yellow. Black: ivory black, tinted with silver white and ultramarine blue, according to shade wanted. Grey: silver white, Naples yellow, ivory black and ultramarine blue.

Paint very carefully and do not allow the colors to run into one another. If you make a false stroke you can remove the paint with a rag dipped in turpentine. The brushes may also be cleaned with the same.

For gold jewelry use yellow ochre. For pearls and silver, silver white; for ribbons, flowers, backgrounds, etc., use your own taste.

After the paint is dry, cut a piece of pasteboard to fit the back and fasten it on as the glasses were fastened together. Pictures of this kind look best in those oval velvet frames.

For painting a landscape, a group of houses, you will of course proceed in the same manner, varying the colors to suit circumstances.

To make a transparency for hanging in the window,

choose your picture, make it transparent and place the second glass on the back according to directions. Then bind the edges with the thin paper and afterwards paste over this some handsome material; strips of bookbinders' cloth look very well. When you put this on, paste along the sides a piece of narrow ribbon or tape, allowing it to project out over the two upper corners in the form of two short loops through which a cord can be passed to hang it up by. Of course you cannot color a transparency, but you can select a colored picture, if you choose.

Some do most of the painting directly on the back of the picture itself after it is made transparent, but if bright colors are used a softer effect is given by the paints being on the back of the second glass. When you are beginning the art, use pieces of common window glass and pictures that are of no value, to practice upon. If you should desire to color a steel engraving that you value, first try the corners to see whether the paper will become transparent and if not you have not spoiled your picture. I have not, of course suggested all the forms of decoration to which this may be applied; you will discover them yourself as you proceed with the work.

I will close by giving a list of paints that will do the work described and a table for mixing the tints.

The Colors.—English vermillion, Chinese blue, emerald green, ivory black, silver white, Vandyke brown, yellow ochre, chrome yellow, rose pink. It is better also to have three or four sable brushes.

Table for Mixing Tints.—Buff: white, yellow and red. Chestnut: red, black and yellow. Dove: white, vermillion, blue and yellow. Drab: white, yellow, red and black. Fawn: white, red and yellow. Peach: white and vermillion. Purple: vermillion and blue. Pink: white and vermillion. Violet: red, blue and white. Rose: white and lake.

WM. A. RUSS.

WHAT WE SHALL WEAR.

FAILLE has completely regained its former popularity. So pliable and soft, it drapes gracefully and adapts itself to every style of trimming.

It is believed by the best authorities, that many of the new costumes this Fall will be made of single fabrics, combinations only appearing as trimming for rich materials.

For mourning dresses nun's veiling is a very satisfactory fabric. Tamise cloth of fine quality is also used, and is very serviceable. It really is a species of Henrietta cloth, the material being silk and wool; it is not twilled, however, but has a smooth surface that sheds the dust well; it is thirty-six inches wide and sells for \$1.50 a yard. Imperial serge or French bombazine is used for heavier dresses.

These suits are made up with the pleated skirt and polonaise with slight drapery, or a half-long round basque. Crape trimming is getting less and less in favor every year, except in mourning for the nearest relatives; bands, folds and pleatings of the dress material are used instead. Black crêpe lisse is more worn for neckwear than English crape, by the few who still wear black about the neck. A writer in *Harper's Bazar*, says that "the puff of tarlatan known as the widow's ruche is fast being abandoned, not only for the neck and wrists, but also for a face trimming to bonnets. It has

long been objectionable, because it simply marks the wearer as a widow in the same way as the large white bow at the neck formerly did, and for the front of a widow's bonnet a roll of crape takes its place."

The newest veils are of English crape one yard square, and finished with a hem twice the depth for the lower end as the hem at the top, and pinned on the bonnet with bar pins covered with crape. Neckerchiefs are of organdy, with wide hems, hem-stitched, and some blocks of black lawn hem-stitched on at intervals. Others have a row of large black dots above the hem, or else a wide black border.

A stylish suit worn at the sea-side not long since, was made of a finely-checked woolen fabric, a sort of greenish-gold, trimmed on the skirt with a double box-pleated flounce half a yard deep, above which was an extremely long-pointed apron tunic, caught up on either side quite to the hips, and held by loops and long floating ends of satin ribbon; the drapery in the back falling in straight folds. With this was worn a navy-blue jacket made very short and cut up to the belt in square blocks, bound with silk braid: finished down the front with tiny buttons of sage-green gold and blue enamel. The Gypsy hat was of straw of the same greenish-gray tint, lined with navy-blue silk, and trimmed with surah a darker shade than the hat, and pale-gold plumes.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

AS HAS been stated in a former number of the **CABINET**, these recipes are all carefully prepared and are furnished by ladies of extended experience and personally known to us, so our readers need have no fears in following them literally. A lady recently tried the recipe for Soft Molasses Cake given in our July number, and thinking it ought to have more flour, added it. The result was a stiff, tough cake, as totally unlike what it would have been had she followed the directions minutely, as can be imagined.

We would be very glad if our readers would inform us if they have any failures with these recipes and we will give them at any time more explicit directions.

In making cake use powdered sugar, as it renders it much more delicate and tender. For canning and preserving, the granulated is best; to preserve the fruit flavor, and in canning, one cup full to each quart of boiling fruit is a safe rule, although some of the tart fruits, such as currants and plums, require more. Fruits for preserving should be carefully selected, removing all that are imperfect, and should not be dead ripe, nor allowed to stand over night without scalding.

A nice way to can peaches is, to place a steamer over a kettle of boiling water. Lay a cloth in the bottom of the steamer and fill with peaches, pared and halved, and cover tightly. Let them steam fifteen minutes, or until they are easily pierced with a fork. Make a syrup of sugar, adding water until of right consistency. As the peaches are steamed drop them a moment or two into the syrup, then can.

Huckleberry Pudding.

One tea-cup of molasses, one dessert-spoon of saleratus, stirred thoroughly in the molasses; as *much flour as you can stir in*, and then add one quart of huckleberries. Put in a three-quart basin and steam two hours. Serve with liquid sauce.

MRS. B. J. S.

This is an excellent dessert, and easily made. If sufficiently stiff with flour before adding the berries, none need fear the result.

To make a plain pudding-sauce: take one even table-spoon of butter and three tea-spoons of flour, stir well together, add enough boiling water to make a scant pint of sauce; two table-spoons of sugar. Let this come to a boil, then add one egg well beaten, and the flavoring. To prevent curdling the egg, let the sauce cool a trifle before it is added.

To Preserve Sweet Corn.

Boil the corn on the ear from three to five minutes, then slice off, being careful not to cut too close to the cob, pack down in a stone jar, allowing three pints of corn to one pint of salt, put in, in layers. When wanted for use, soak over night to freshen. Corn put up in this way late in the season, will keep nice and fresh all winter.

M. E. P.

Tomato Soup.

To one pint of tomatoes canned, or four large raw ones, peeled and sliced, add one quart of boiling water and let them boil. Then add one tea-spoon soda, when it will foam; immediately add one pint of sweet milk, with salt, pepper, and plenty of butter. When this boils add eight small crackers rolled fine, and serve. Equal to oyster soup.

MRS. B. J. S.

Tomato Soup No. 2.

A good stock is the first requisite. A beef shin is the best; veal or lamb the most delicate. When the stock is ready scald the tomatoes, peel them thoroughly, and rub them through a fine sieve, and add to your stock. Fry a few pieces of thin-cut salt pork (chop them fine) and a small bunch of summer savory, one onion, one bunch of parsley, one sprig of mint, also chopped fine; salt and pepper to taste.

D. McDONALD.

Tomato Catsup.

For catsup enough to fill two wine bottles, take one peck of ripe tomatoes; one table-spoon of sugar; small tea-spoon of salt; cinnamon to taste; as much red pepper as it will bear; some strong vinegar. Boil until thick, then bottle hot and seal with wax.

A. L. T.

Preserved Tomatoes.

Take of the yellow plum-shaped tomatoes those that are ripe but not the least soft. Pour boiling water on them to take off the skins; allow one pound of sugar to one of fruit, and make the syrup with as little water as will dissolve the sugar; use three lemons to seven pounds of fruit; remove the seeds from the lemons and put the slices in the syrup. When boiled clear, lay in the tomatoes. Boil very gently three-quarters of an hour.

S. J. F.

Omelette.

A very delicate omelette is made from four eggs beaten separately; one cup of sweet milk and one table-spoonful of flour; pinch of salt. Add the flour dissolved in a little of the milk to the well-beaten yolks, then stir in gently the whites of the eggs, beaten very stiff, and last the milk. Have a deep spider, heated and well buttered, pour in the omelette, cover with a lid and let it cook on the top of the stove until it is set around the edges, and you think sufficiently browned on the bottom; then place it in the oven for five minutes to finish cooking the top. If cooked just right it will then, with the aid of a knife, easily slip on a plate, doubling it together so the top will be in the centre.

S. C. F.

Anna's Cup Cake.

One-half cup of butter; one-half a cup of sweet milk; two eggs; one cup of sugar; two tea-spoons of baking powder; two cups of flour. This is always a success and is equally good whether baked as layer cake or in small fancy tins.

French Pudding.

Slice small pieces, very thin, from your bread, enough to fill a quart dish half full, buttering each piece lightly before cutting. Lay them loosely in the dish; sprinkle on one-half cup of sugar and a little grated nutmeg; then heat one quart milk; beat the yolks of four eggs, add them just before boiling, and immediately pour over the bread. Beat the whites, add a little sugar and spread them over the pudding; set in the oven five minutes to brown lightly, and it is ready for the table. This dessert can be made in twenty minutes ready for use.

MRS. J. A. F.

Cocoa-nut Drops.

Grate a cocoanut; add half its weight of fine sugar, mix well together with the white of one egg, and drop on white paper. Bake in a slow oven.

MRS. DR. T.

THE "FLORAL CABINET'S" NEW DEPARTURE.

EVER since the present management took possession of the CABINET, it has been a daily study to make it more and more valuable to its readers, more attractive, more worthy an enlarged field, and every suggestion from subscribers or from others has had most respectful consideration. We have given much attention to suggestions about the unwieldy size of the pages, and at last concluded to reduce them in size, but double them in number, adding materially to the amount of reading matter (and materially to the cost of producing the magazine—but appreciative readers can make that up to us by each one sending in a new subscriber).

It is our purpose to spend more money for original contributions, from month to month; to enlarge the outlays for original illustrations; to incorporate into our plans just such features as will make the CABINET notably a "Home Companion," enjoyed by every member of the family, and indispensable to mothers, wives, sisters, daughters.

CONCERNING PREMIUMS.

As has been before stated, we give no Chromos to subscribers or club agents; no Jewelry or Fancy Goods, but simply Flower Seeds and Bulbs, post-paid; and *Cash* to club agents who prefer cash to the offers in list No. III., below.

PREMIUMS.

To every subscriber of the CABINET, coming singly or in clubs, we will send as premiums either List No. I. or List No. II., as they may select *at the time of sending their subscriptions*. List No. I. will in all cases be sent if no selection is made.

We wish to state that the seeds and bulbs sent, are grown expressly for us, are of the very best strains of their respective varieties:

LIST No. I. FOR SUBSCRIBERS.

To every subscriber who does not request List No. II., we mail *all* these ten papers of Flower Seeds as follows:

Balsam, Camellia-flowered, Mixed Colors.
Phlox Drummondii, Large-flowered, Mixed Colors.
Mignonette, New Giant.
Cockscomb, Dwarf, immense heads, Mixed Colors.
Pansy, very choice, Mixed Colors.
Zinnias, " " " "
Ipomœa, " " " "
Petunias, " " " Blotched and Striped.
Poppy, " " " New French.
Candytuft, Large Rocket.

(The delivery of seeds will begin in January, 1883).

LIST No. II. FOR SUBSCRIBERS.

Three Bulbs, in three distinct sorts, of American Hybrid Gladiolus, equal to the very best named varieties.

The forwarding of bulbs will be at such times as the grower deems best for planting in the locality where they are to go.

We wish it distinctly understood that *either* of these lists would cost more at a retail establishment, than the subscription price of the magazine.

LIST No. III. FOR CLUBS.

To any subscriber sending us a new subscription and \$1.25, we will send one of either of the following as a premium for getting a new subscriber, or to any one sending us five new subscribers we will send six of the following numbers, as they may select, post-free.

1. One large Bulb *Lilium Auratum*.
2. " Root *Eulalia Japonica*. Fig. in No. 97 CABINET.
3. " *Platycodon Grandiflorum*. " " 106 "
4. Six best *Gladiolus* in six sorts.
5. Four best Double *Tuberose*. Common or Pearl.
6. One plant *Spiræ Japonica*.
7. One Variegated Day Lily.
8. " Bulb *Lilium Lancifolium Præcox*, the best White Lily under cultivation.
9. Two roots New Japan Iris.
10. Three Lilies in three distinct sorts.

A WORD TO PRESENT SUBSCRIBERS.

You know whether you like the CABINET well enough to commend it to your neighbors. If it is meeting your approbation in its new shape, signalize your appreciation by kind words and personal effort to increase its already large family of readers. We shall be pleased to send sample copies of the new numbers to any of your friends, *any where*, whom you think would subscribe.

A WORD TO STRANGERS.

If you see this number of the CABINET, as a new acquaintance, look kindly upon it, carefully note its excellencies as they appear to you, and see if it does not promise $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents worth of pleasure and profit each week of the year. Your name will find a cordial welcome on our large lists, and you will find much satisfaction in the growth of our seeds or bulbs, as you may select.

THE "HOME OF WASHINGTON."

The steel engraving with the above title, which has commanded the admiration of thousands, has become the property of the present management of the CABINET, and copies can be obtained through no other channel (except as dealers may buy of us), and we wish to place it in every home where the CABINET goes. It is a magnificent work of art, 25 by 36 inches, and its retail price is \$2.00. To every subscriber who remits us \$2.00 we send the CABINET one year and its premium seeds or bulbs, as may be selected, and mail post-free—safely secured on a substantial roller—a copy of the engraving. Any home will welcome it. Any parlor may be made more attractive by its presence.

BOOK DISCOUNTS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Any subscriber, in remitting her own or another's subscription, may *at that time* select any of our Books—enumerated below—and obtain them at $\frac{1}{4}$ discount from the following published rates, post-free:

WINDOW GARDENING. An elegant book. 350 engravings, \$1.50.
HOUSEHOLD ELEGANCIES. 300 pages, hundreds of illustrations, \$1.50.
LADIES' FANCY WORK. 300 pages, profuse illustrations, \$1.50.
BEAUTIFUL HOMES. Invaluable for Picturesque House Furnishing, \$1.50.

ARTISTIC EMBROIDERY. By Ella Rodman Church. Cloth and gold, \$1.00.
LADIES' GUIDE TO NEEDLEWORK. Nearly 100 illustrations. \$1.00.
EVENING AMUSEMENTS. 300 pages, \$1.50.
EVERY WOMAN HER OWN FLOWER GARDENER. Paper cover, 50 cts. Cloth bound, \$1.00.
HOUSEHOLD HINTS. A daily Companion to Housewives. 50 cents and \$1.00.
INSECTS ON PLANTS AND HOW TO DESTROY THEM. Paper bound, Thirty cents.

Catalogues, Etc.

ELLWANOE & Barry, Rochester, N. Y. Descriptive price list of strawberries, currants and all other small fruits offered for 1882. One knows by reading their catalogue just what to buy, and from the character of the firm, know they are getting just what they order. An illustration of Fay's Prolific Currant, true to life, shows plainly the marked improvement culture has developed in this useful fruit. The catalogue is complete in cultural instructions—a useful feature for amateurs.

We are under obligations to the Secretary of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture for their quarterly report ending June 30, 1882, containing special papers on education for farmers, the holding of farmers' institutes, practical botany, fish culture, the raising and management of sheep, together with a full report as to the condition and yield of crops, condition of fruits, farm animals, meteorological data, public lands, etc., etc.

Messrs. G. W. Harlan & Co., of New York, will shortly begin the publication of a series of novels under the title *Kaaterskill Series*, at the uniform rate of \$1 each. The initial volume will be *A Fair Philosopher*, to be followed by *A Modern Hagar*, both from the pens of two leading novelists whose originality and power have been recognized on all hands.

The Erie Railway has begun, through its passenger department, the publication of "*Recreation*," a convenient, practical and tasteful monthly, in which the well-known merits of the country traversed by this line are eloquently and effectively set forth. Both illustrations and miscellany are good, the original matter varied and piquant, and the tourist will find "*Recreation*" well worth more than a passing notice.

Odds and Ends.

A LITTLE ROGUE.

Grandma was nodding, I rather think;
Harry was sly and quick as a wink;
He climbed on the back of her great arm-chair,
And nestled himself very snugly there.
Grandma's dark locks were mingled with white,
And quick this little fact came to his sight;
A sharp twinge soon she felt at her hair,
And woke with a start to find Harry there.
"Why, what are you doing, my child?" she said;
He answered, "I've pulling a hasting-fread!"

—Wide Awake.

"Don't put in no muskeeter nettin' for me," said Aunt Hannah.
"I don't want to breathe no strained air."

"I LOVE the summer," said the boarding-school girl when she eloped with her arithmetic teacher.

CINCINNATI claims a person who lives wholly on water. He must be a harbor buoy.

FATHER, who is always trying to teach his son how to behave while at the table: "Well, John, you see that when I have finished eating I always leave the table." John—"Yes, sir; and that's about all you do leave."

THE shower came up, or rather it came down—a shower never comes up—so unexpectedly that nearly everybody was taken by surprise, and Jefferson street was in a panic. Young Masher, who never goes without his umbrella, saw his opportunity, and sailing up to the prettiest girl with the prettiest hat in all Burlington, made a bow that is warranted to kill across the street, and said, "May I offer you my umbrella?" "Oh, a thousand thanks!" she said; papa will bring it down to his office in the morning." And she sailed away dry-shod, leaving him desolate and soaking in his loneliness, like a pelican in the wilderness and as a weather vane upon the housetop.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

DAISIES go to waste in the fields until the city ladies arrive, and then—they go to waist.

WHAT the boys have got hold of now: "A shutter fell off a house to-day, and falling on the tongue of a wagon, knocked it speechless. A jury was impaneled and the case tried, and a verdict rendered that the shutter must be hung." "Well, what in the world did they hang the shutter for?" anxiously asked the listener. "Oh, just for a blind," replies the narrator of this nice little joke as he jumps out of the way of a stuffed club.—*Kingston Courier*.

"THIS is the rock of ages," said a tired father who had kept the cradle going two hours, and the baby still awake.

"WHAT pretty children, and how much they look alike!" said C., during a first visit to a friend's house. "They are twins," his friend explains. "What, both of 'em?" exclaims C., greatly interested.

"If I have ever used any unkind words, Hannah," said Mr. Smiley, reflectively, "I take them all back." "Yes, I suppose you want to use them all over again," was the not very soothing reply.

ONE summer when Belle and her mamma were boarding in the country, as they were out walking one day, they saw a man driving some unruly cows out of a field of clover. The worst cow of all had a board hung on her horns, covering her whole face. Belle's tender little heart was filled with pity for the old cow.

"O mamma," she cried; "do see that poor old cow with a shade over her eyes! They must be very weak. Poor old creature!"—*Youths' Companion*.

THE noblest thing in boots is a bunion.

"FAREWELL" was the title of a poem sent to a newspaper; and the cruel editor, in acknowledging its receipt, said, "It is a good thing that the gifted authoress bade it good-by, as she will never see it again."

"I don't like a cottage-built man," said young Sweeps to his old uncle, who was telling the story of his early trials for the hundredth time.

"What do you mean by a cottage-built man?" asked his uncle.

"A man with only one story," answered young Sweeps.—*Harper's Bazar*.

IN a suburban town lives a relative of the immortal Mrs. Malaprop. The other evening a caller asked if Mr. — was at home, and could be seen? "I think not," was the reply; "I believe my husband has expired for the night."

MONROE, MICH., Sept. 23, 1873.

SIR—I have been taking Hop Bitters for inflammation of kidneys and bladder. It has done for me what four doctors failed to do. The effect of the Bitters seemed like magic to me. W. L. CARTER.

"YOUR meal is ready, sir," said the waiter to Hayseed just from the rural districts. "Meal!" exclaimed Hayseed contemptuously, "Do you think I'm a horse? Get me some corned beef and cabbage, young man."

IF you have a sick friend whose life is a burden, one bottle of Hop Bitters may restore that friend to perfect health and happiness. Will you see that that friend has a bottle at once?

SCENE—A sylvan retreat. Swell artist—"I'm going to paint this cottage of yours." Old woman—"Aum glad to hear it, for it hasna been done for mony a lang day; a've been at the laird ower an' ower again, bit he never heeded." After a brief pause—"But, loch, man, whaur's yer pail an' brush?" Collapse of artist.—*Exchange*.

REVELATION suggests the idea that from Woman comes the power to "bruise the serpent's head." The words take a new meaning to-day, since this is precisely what Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Remedies do for the physically diseased patient. Her Vegetable Compound reaches the ultimate sources of the evil. Its action is gentle and noiseless, but it is more powerful than the club of Hercules.—*Bazar*.

"CAN you flirt a fan?" asked a coquette of her partner. "No," he replied, "I cannot; but I can fan a flirt."

REVITALIZING the blood is absolutely necessary for the cure of general debility, weakness, lassitude, &c. The best enricher of the blood is Brown's Iron Bitters.

"I HOPE this is not counterfeit," said a lover, as he toyed with his sweetheart's hand. "The best way to find out is to ring it," was the quick reply.

"DO boldly what you do at all." Boldly do we affirm that Kidney-Wort is the great remedy for liver, bowels and kidney diseases. Rheumatism and piles vanish before it. The tonic effect of Kidney-Wort is produced by its cleansing and purifying action on the blood.

"DO you pretend to have as good a judgment as I have?" exclaimed an enraged wife to her husband. "Well, no," he replied slowly, "our choice of partners for life shows that my judgment is not to be compared with yours."

THE Diamond Dyes always do more than they claim to do. Color over that old dress. It will look like new. Only 10 cents.

"MABEL, why, you dear little girl!" exclaimed her grandfather, seeing his little granddaughter with her head tied up, "have you got the headache?"

"No," she replied quickly, "I haven't got the headache, but I dot a spit-turl."—*Youths' Companion*.

DEBILITATED persons, and sufferers from wasting diseases such as consumption, scrofula, kidney affections, will be greatly benefited by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

LANDRETH'S SEEDS.

In some branches of trade the purchaser may protect himself; ordinary care and caution may be a safeguard against imposition, but the purchaser of Seeds is wholly at the mercy of the vendor—what is offered must be accepted without question, examination is useless; the eye and the touch alike fail; and as seeds, like other articles of merchandise, in many cases pass through numerous hands before reaching the consumer, the liability to err is thus greatly increased. Of course we lay no claim to exact precision; errors do, doubtless, occur, but we trust they are few and far between. Our crops are grown and harvested under our strict personal supervision, and are prepared for sale with equal care; thus they go from our own hands—not having reached us by a devious channel—into those of the druggist or country merchant, who offers them at retail, and there is, consequently, but little liability to error. It is this system which has given Landreth's Seeds so firm a hold on the public faith in every section of the Union.

To illustrate the close scrutiny into the merits of the vegetables, the seeds of which we sell, we will here give an extract from an article which appeared some time ago in a Pennsylvania publication:

EXTRACT FROM AN ARTICLE ON "BLOOMSDALE."

"* * * * * Now we reached the Experimental grounds and stood amazed. The Trial Garden at Bloomsdale covers three acres, and is a crucible of merit, the most instructive portion of that, in every sense, remarkable farm.

"The entire list of vegetables from A to Z is here on trial, not one sample of each, but comparative lists of sometimes 200 of each sort. Samples of their own, samples from the counters and seed lists of American Seed merchants, samples from Canada, England, France, Holland, Germany, Italy, all classified, ranged side by side and numbered consecutively from one up into the thousands.

"Two hundred and fifty trials of Peas, one hundred and thirty of Turnips, one hundred and fifty of Cabbage, one hundred and ten of Mangolds and Beets, fifty of Sugar Corn, one hundred and sixty of Beans and so on to the end of the chapter.

"Neatness, next to the unexpected display of numbers, was the striking feature; the land was laid out in parallel beds 200 yards long and 6 feet wide, with paths between. Across these beds were sown the seeds on trial, four to five rows of each, and upon the entire area not a hat full of weeds.

"Each family of vegetables planted the same day and under precisely the same circumstances, each trial distinguished by a label bearing specific numbers; these recorded in a book giving date of planting and origin of sample. Into this book, at proper periods, three series of observations are recorded bearing upon vitality and habit.

"Thus the Landreths keep pace with every introduction and record the merits of everything offered by themselves or others. The books of record are volumes of practical systematic observation, and may be seen in the office stacked away, extending far back into the years; ready at all times to testify to the merits or demerits of every vegetable known to the trade. * * * * *

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of the universal success of Brown's Iron Bitters is simply this: It is the best Iron preparation ever made; is compounded on thoroughly scientific, chemical and medicinal principles, and does just what is claimed for it—no more and no less.

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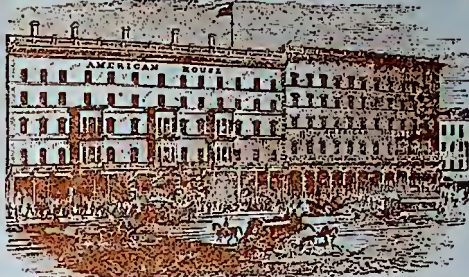
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